ALL TRUE

BUTCH CASSIDY'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

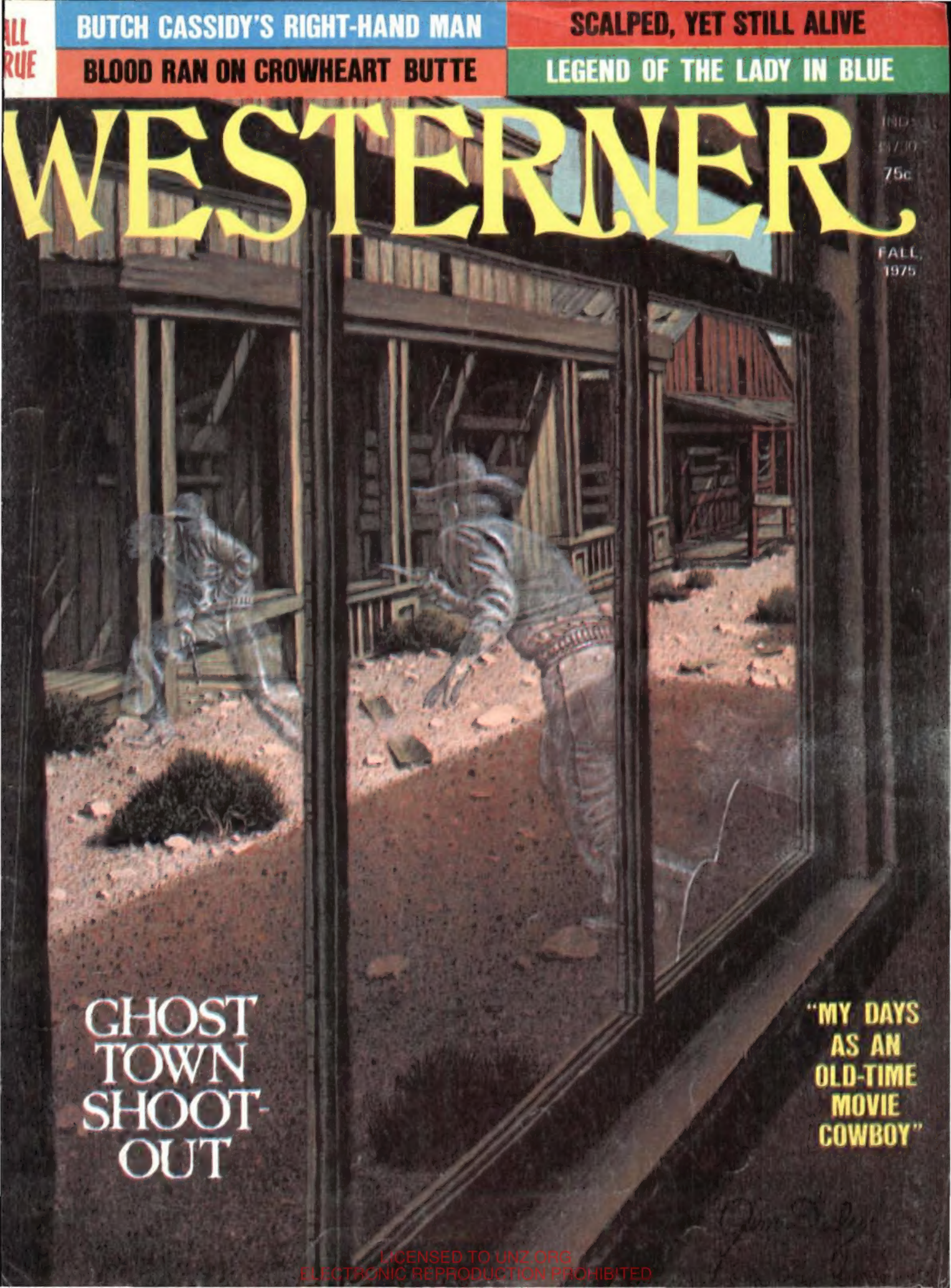
SCALPED, YET STILL ALIVE

BLOOD RAN ON CROWHEART BUTTE

LEGEND OF THE LADY IN BLUE

WESTERNER

INDIAN 87/30
75c
FALL, 1975



GHOST TOWN SHOOT-OUT

"MY DAYS AS AN OLD-TIME MOVIE COWBOY"

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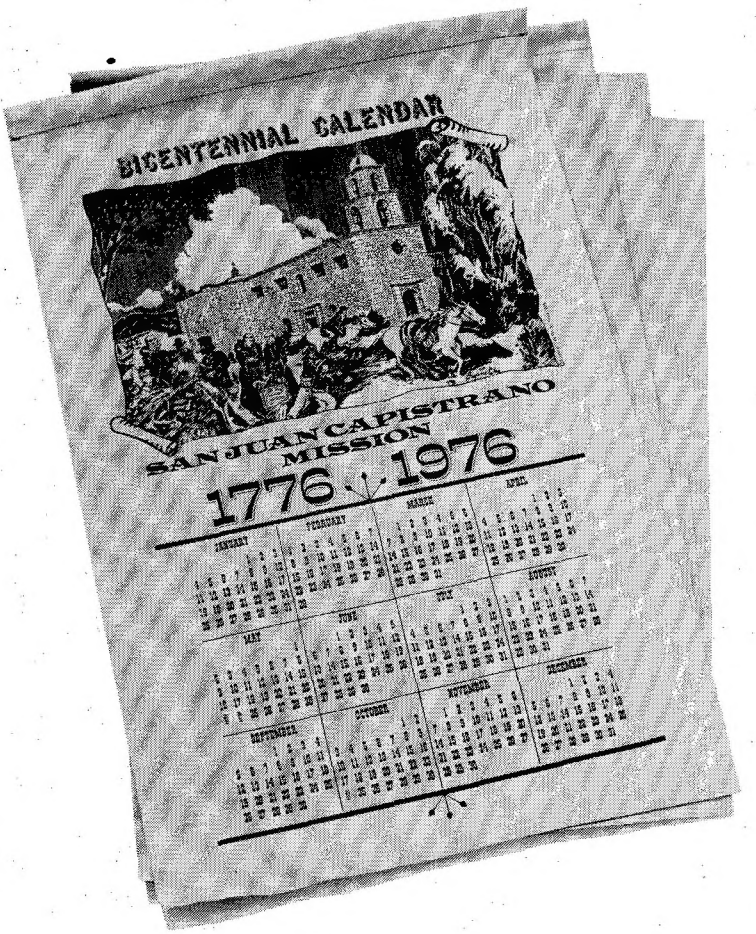

San Juan Capistrano

Prior to the terrible California earthquake of 1812, San Juan Capistrano Mission had a magnificent stone chapel designed by an architect from Mexico City. The tower was so high that Richard Henry Dana saw and sketched it from what is now known as Dana Point. When the great stone chapel was destroyed by the earthquake, many of the Indians who were in the chapel for early Mass were killed. The high altar wall remains today as a monument to those people.

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WESTERNER

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 3 FALL, 1975

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COVER

"Ghost Town Shoot-Out" is an original painting commissioned specially for this issue of WESTERNER. The artist is our own Jim Daly, who with this issue goes on our masthead as art director. Jim's work will be familiar to many readers as his paintings have appeared in numerous western magazines. *Story begins on page 16.*

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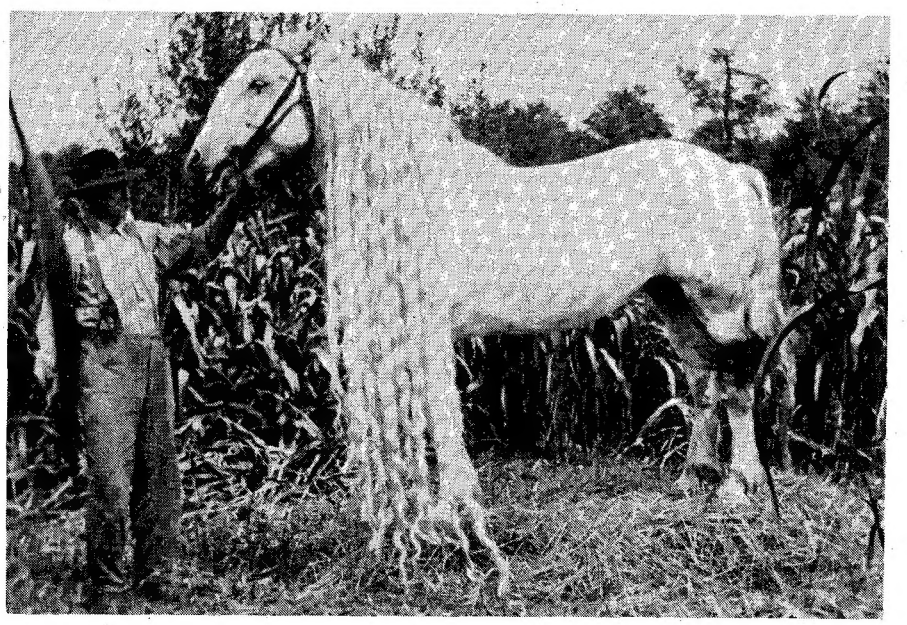
The WEST AS IT WAS

by BOB BROWN

BLOOD SIGN . . . Any cowhand that knew anything at all would promptly look after a cut on one of his animals. Of course, the horse he was riding was important to him as well as his pack animals but there was another very important reason why traveling back in the wild country known to be the haunt of the Puma or Mountain lion. The blood smell carries a long way in the thin air of the high country and it would be very easy for one of the big cats to follow the smell of a blood trail right into camp.

Of course, it happens very seldom that a big cat will get so brave as to come into camp but the smell of a fresh blood trail to a hungry cat will sometimes make him do things he wouldn't ordinarily do under normal conditions. This very thing was sometimes used when a rancher wanted to get rid of the big cats in his area. He would simply make a cut on an animal and lead it into a clearing and wait the night for a big cat to appear. The rancher knew that if there were any big cats in the area they just wouldn't be able to resist such an easy meal. It's one thing to lead a cat into camp on purpose to kill it and quite another if he happens up on you while you are asleep and un-suspecting.



JUST FOOLING . . . When a cowhand said a horse looked "Like a quarter horse" he might be kidding and really mean that it looked like "Two Bits" to him. Look him right straight in the eye when he says it and he can't help but smile if he is just joking.

"Hold up, there pardner, which way did they go?" Not real cowboys, but plain folk fancied up for a picture. Even in 1905 the shooting days of the west were over and farmers and city folks delighted in pretending they were the great outlaws of the past.

WHITE HATS . . . There is an old saying that the good guys always wear white hats. I can't really tell you for sure but you can bet that the SMART GUYS will always weat a white hat!

It may not have made much difference to the ordinary cowhand, but the man in desert country found out pretty quick that he had better wear some light colored head gear.

A black hat holds heat and can be as much as twenty degrees hotter than a white hat that reflects heat. Naturally a working cowhand can't keep a hat white for long but it will still retain it's light color and reflect most of the heat.

The cowhand could also do a pretty good job of cleaning his hat and restoring the original color. It doesn't matter what color the hat or what material it was made from. He got a good stiff brush and a handful of ordinary cornmeal and scrubbed. The cornmeal was rubbed into the hat briskly and then the hat was brushed. This was done over and over until the dirt was gone. This is also the best method by far to clean buckskin.

LIGHTUP . . . Many a cowhand was caught in a line camp without a lamp but he knew that one was easy to make if he just had some reserve Kerosene. If nothing else he could fill a bean can with dirt and rocks and put about one fourth can of kerosene in the dirt and light it up. It wouldn't give off a great deal of light but at least you could see how to fix supper. And if he knew anything at all about bunkhouse tricks he could rig up a pretty good light without too much trouble. All you need is a bottle with a cap or a jar that still had some kind of lid. This could be filled about half full and a wick made from most any kind of strip of cotton cloth. The wick is twisted and rolled between your palms until it is pretty round. Then you put one end of it through a hole in the lid with a knot on top so the wick doesn't slip down inside the jar. The wick must reach the bottom of the jar to be safe. The wick can be lighted and works fairly well with much more light than you would think.

This lamp gets dangerous when the wick doesn't reach the bottom to absorb all of the oil or the wick slips down inside and ingites the complete glass jar of kerosene at one time. Cowhands were pretty scared of fire and usually made pretty sure that things were safe and done in the right way where there was fire concerned. There was likely more whiskey bottle lamps used in line camps than all the regular lamps combined.

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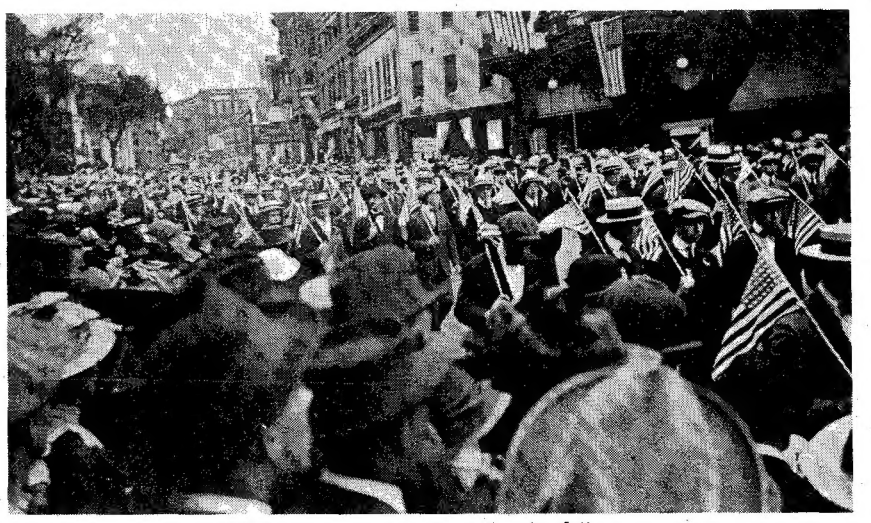

On the way to war in 1916 – western boys from the city fall in and parade before the crowds. The patriotic spirit of the times is well evidenced by the many flag-wavers.

RUGGED AMERICAN . . . Theodore Roosevelt and Winchester were no strangers to one another. This vibrant American and the Winchester guns he usually carried on his adventurous travels shared many of the same inherent qualities: ruggedness, dependability, superior performance. In honoring the memory of T.R. – soldier statesman, author, naturalist, hunter, conservationist, President and "Sportsman of the Century" – Winchester has issued the Theodore Roosevelt Commemorative Model 94 in both rifle and carbine style. A special limited edition lever action firearm distinctively patterned along the lines of the Winchester Model 1886, one of T.R.'s favorite hunting guns.

Pasteboard card of the sort that were widely distributed throughout the west. These usually featured some famous actress in "fetching" poses.

COOKOUT . . . When it came to preparing meals on a trail drive, the camp cook had to be pretty sharp to keep the men happy. Most anyone could cook a meal, but this had to be done in a short time and also had to taste good as well as just being filling. This isn't always an easy job on the trail. Give a man tough meat and bitter coffee after a hard's day's work and you have trouble!

The coffee pot will always taste sweet if you rinse it out once a day with some common baking soda and also put some soda in the water barrel. It keeps the water from tasting like an old rubber boot.

Any kind of tough meat can be made tender if you beat it with the back edge of the butcher knife. This is done across the grain so the long fibers are broken up and mashed. Also, any kind of meat can be given a good flavor if it is cooked with cloves, and brushed lightly with honey. Some cooks would also flavor their cooking with things like peppermint candy. These little cooking tricks guaranteed the cook a job anywhere he wanted to work.

Morning Mists

Gambling in Denver city was the way in which a boy showed he had grown up.

CLEAN UP TIME . . . The roundup cook and camphouse cook would never allow the outside of a pan to be scrubbed bright if he knew what he was doing. The inside had to be scrubbed until you could see yourself in it but just try to scrub the outside and you would find you were treading on dangerous ground. This was the first thing a new cook's helper was told not to do.

It wasn't that the cook wanted to save time or that he was sloppy in his work. It was because he really knew his work that he would leave the pots and pans black on the outside. Time was important to the cook and he knew how to use his own time to best advantage. He knew very well that it took an average of one fourth less time to cook a meal if the pan was black on the outside. If you doubt this try it with identical pans with one clean and one black on the outside. If housewives would just learn this oldtime western secret they would never again scrub the outside of a pan. It's one thing to be clean and quite another to be a good cook, too. The cook knew this when it came to preparing a meal for a bunch of rowdy cowhands that insisted on eating when it was time to eat!

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LETTERS TO WESTERNER

GEORGE O'BRIEN

Dear Sir,

I just read the article on the George O'Brien in the summer edition (1975) of the WESTERNER, by Bob Birchard. Mr. Birchard states that George O'Brien was born April 19, 1900. This is contrary to all other articles I've read.

All articles I've read on George O'Brien since the early thirties gave George O'Brien as having been born September 1, 1900 — the same month, date and year as Richard Arlen.

Who is right; Mr. Brichard, or all these other writers? Thanking you,

Sincerely,
Steve Schermer
Trenton, N.J.

The April date - editor.

Dear Sir,

I wish to thank you for the wonderful writeup and pictures of one of my favorites, George O'Brien. I have seen all his movies except one, The Lone Star Ranger. George O'Brien really looks good in his old age. I retired from Continental Can Co., this past March at 63. No one at the plant believed I was that old. I would appreciate it if you could tell me where I could write to George. Would also like to know where I might buy the old film of the Lone Star Ranger. Use to be a place in Philadelphia where they sold old films. I think they went out of business. The reason I didn't subscribe for your magazine, people are bad about stealing them. But I'll always be buying your magazine at the newsstand. So thanks again, and keep up the good work you have a wonderful magazine.

T. Brahson
Chicago, Ill.

Sorry, we don't have an address for O'Brien - editor.

DERAILED

Dear Westerner,

Your Summer, 1975 edition of Westerner in the article "Derail the Gold Car!" by Don DeNevi has a lot of errors in it. The railroad is the famous Southern Pacific, not the old, historical Central Pacific that originated at Sacramento under the "Big Four" — Stanford, Hopkins, Crocker and Huntington, and sold out to S.P. long, long before 1934. The U.S. Mint in San Francisco was at Market St. & Duboce Ave., not 5th & Mission; the Southern Pacific Depot is at Third St. & Townsend, not Third & Ellis, there being no such location, Ellis being north of Market St. & the Civic Center. The U.S. Post Office is at Seventh St. & Mission St.

We found another glaring error on page 11 — the Nationwide famous scientist who was the pioneer in scientific crime detection was Edward Oscar Heinrich, University of California, Berkeley, not a Philip Bingham, as Don Denevi states. Mr. Heinrich had done work for S.P. before, in 1927 and had helped the late J. Edgar Hoover in building up the F.B.I. Laboratory in Washington, D.C., too, and helping various Police Depts. & Sheriffs, etc.

We native Westerners do not like having our history messed up by inaccurate statements by authors like Don Denevi who ignore true research etc. California has a wonderful library system, too, for researching most any subject one has in mind.

An Old-Timer,
San Francisco, Cal.

NAME FOUND

Editor's Note: In the last issue of WESTERNER in the story, "Location of the Lost Cabin Mine," we ran this photo, identifying the man as a prospector whose name was unknown. We are indebted to Mr. H.N. Houston of Harrison, Ark. for pointing out that the man is his father, Theodore G. Houston. The elder Mr. Houston was from Lead, South Dakota; was by profession a mining Engineer and between 1918 and 1946 worked for the Homestake Mining Co. His son thinks the photo was probably taken during a surveying trip in Sept. of 1929.

COWBOY LIVES

Dear Editor,

I have enjoyed reading several editions of your magazine. I have especially enjoyed your articles on the old western movie cowboys.

Does your company have a book or magazine with something about the lives, familes, etc. of all the old cowboys and whether or not they are still living? If not, do you know where I can obtain such information?

Roy F. Raines
Richmond, Virg.

Sorry, to the best of our knowledge, no such information is available — Editor.

HE'S DONE IT ALL

Dear Sirs,

To the book I just got from you, "The Story of Butch Cassidy," I will say that it is the most fascinating book I have ever read. Since I knew so many of the people involved I didn't put it down until I had read it thru and then I went back and read it over again.

I have rode with the Laramie Plains Round-up, the Coe Outfit, part of the Grey-Bull Pool, I broke three hundred of half Thoroughbred colts for them. The Big Piney Roundup. I saddled the bucking horses for the Pinedale Rodeo and won a belt buckle for riding one of their best horses. Someone stole it from me. Many compliments for the way I set saddles. I put them about two inches ahead of the usual place, which allowed the rider to get his feet ahead where he could scratch good and also allowed him insurance against the ones that drag back on the first couple of jumps.

I was crippled up at Cody, Wyoming, and stumbled across the finest man in the West, Jimmy the Tough, who allowed me to ride a grey mare from the Hart Hotel down to the Rodeo grounds. He took her away from me at the Rodeo grounds and tied her in the corral with the bucking horses.

The rough rider for the Pitchfork outfit told me that he would win the local show, because he could ride any horse that ever lived, his name was Joe Lontococky. That old mare that I had rode down to the grounds, jumped 21 feet out of the chute and drug back 12 feet and poor Joe Lontococky hit the ground so hard he broke his chaps buckle in two against his backbone. These are actual measurements by tape.

The next day the man who afterwards won the Worlds Championship at Casper, Cheyenne and Pendleton, rode her 2 jumps and bucked off.

Arthur S. (Buck) Erwin,
Reno, Nevada.

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Harry Webb's HORSE SENSE & NONSENSE

It was my misfortune not to have been one of the group during the following incident but I will vouch for its veracity.

Seems an old prospector, known only as "Hardtack," was found dead way up in a mountain in mid winter, and being that the bushy whiskered old fellow's body was found sitting lifelike at his table (his untouched breakfast frozen as solid as was the corpse) it was presumed Hardtack had suffered a heart failure several days before.

It took some time for the undertaker in Pomeroy to find anyone who would tackle the job of getting the body to him for burial. At last a couple fellows were found who reluctantly took the chore so hiring a wide Cutter Sleigh, with plenty snow clearance, and a strong team at a livery barn the men set out through the deep snow for the distant mountain.

By mid afternoon they were on their way back but since having an icy, lifelike corpse sitting between them under their laprobe wasn't exactly to their liking they stopped at a wayside saloon for a much needed drink. Tying the team to the hitch pole they hurried away from the gloomy atmosphere of the sleigh.

As one hot whiskey followed another the pair regaled their eager listeners with an account of their rigorous as well as spooky trip which gave a couple pranksters an idea. Slipping out they hid the corpse behind the saloon then one, being bushy whiskered, took Hardtack's place and pulled the bearskin robe up to his chest just as it had been with the corpse. The other stayed peeking from behind the saloon's corner to see if the Undertaker's helpers noticed the switch when they got in the sleigh.

Trouble was, nothing happened. The men came out with a bottle to keep them bolstered until they were rid of their unwelcome passenger, and without a glance at the corpse hurried on their way.

They hadn't gone a mile when the biting frost reminded the driver he needed a drink. After a hefty slug he passed the bottle to his partner. The partner was lowering the contents a bit too fast when the driver said "Hey! Not so fast, that's gotta last us a while! Pass 'er back."

The partner had been put in a jocular mood by the liquid spirits so when passing back the bottle he wanted to exercise his hospitality by offering the corpse a drink. Shoving the bottle among the hedge of whiskers he said, "Here old man, have a drink on the house."

"Damn good idea," replied the "corpse" as a hand came from under the laprobe and grasped the bottle. From that moment on all hands were a bit confused as to just what happened but the "corpse" seemed the clearest on events. He remembered hearing horrible twin yells and glimpsing a shadowy pair diving out of the sleigh. Worse, the fearful yells had spooked the team which was running like crazy towards home.

It took several hundred yards for the prankster to get untangled from the robe, climb out over the high, curved dash and work his way down on the doubletree and recover the trailing lines. Once he had the runaway team under control he looked for the badly-needed bottle. But that nerve-settling item was no doubt somewhere in the snow along the eratic route.

For a moment he thought the safest thing to do was keep going but finally turned back and picked up the boiling mad pair who were trudging their way back to the saloon. Before bothering to get the real corpse loaded back in its place of honor the trio headed directly for the bar. As the pseudo corpse said later, "I'll tell the cockeyed world we all three sure needed some drinks to quiet our jumping nerves and I don't mean maybe!"

Riverton, Wyoming was just a three year old wild and woolly townsite when Bill Jameraux came into the "Elk" Saloon one day and said, "Oh, there yuh are!" to Tom Snavely, the town's livery Barn Owner. "Been lookin' all over hell for yuh!"

"Good," said Snavely. "What can I do for you, Bill?"

"Heard yuh was lookin' for some place t' buy a batch o' hay, so figured I could unload a few tons on yuh."

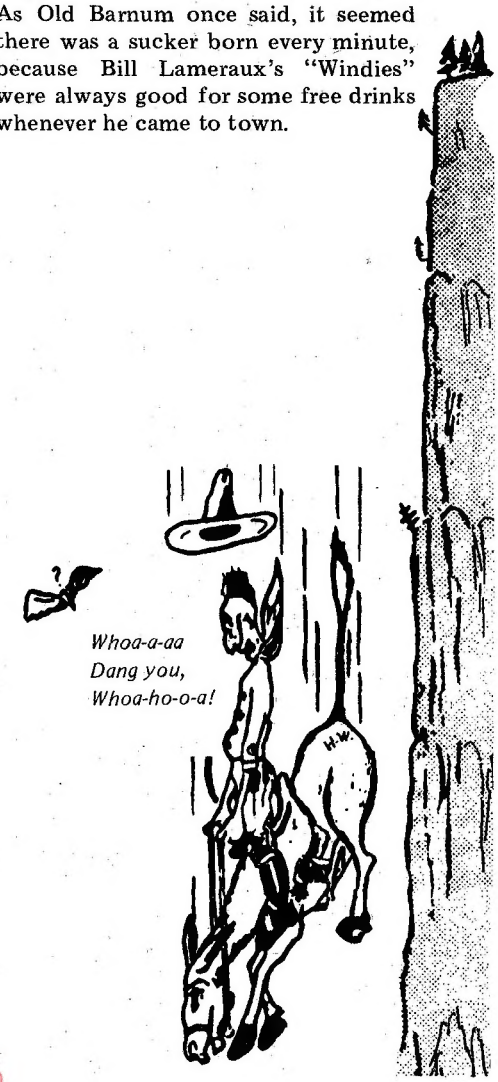
"I'm looking for hay, alright," Snavely replied, "but your hay's no good for my business, Bill. I need hay for livery and freight teams and your's is alfalfa. I gotta have timothy or wild hay. But I prefer wild hay if I could find some."

"Well!" LAmeraux snorted. "If you want wild hay I've got just what you're lookin' for! Mine's so goddamn wild I had t' sneak up on it in the middle o' the night in order t' git enough t' mow it! How many tons yuh want, Tom?"

"None, you lying old polecat!" Snavely retorted.

"Looks," howled the crowd, "like Bill's worked you for the drinks, again, Tom!"

"Looks like," Snavely grudgingly replied. Then he began laughing as he clapped a handful of silver on the Bar. As Old Barnum once said, it seemed there was a sucker born every minute, because Bill Lameraux's "Windies" were always good for some free drinks whenever he came to town.



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"My Days as an

WHEN REAL OUTLAWS AND COWPOKES MADE FILMS

by HARRY WEBB

PHOTOS BY BOB BIRCHARD

Had it not been for Smoky Warner getting in a fight one night in 1911 and kicking an ear off his opponent it's a mortal cinch I wouldn't have become a movie actor.

It was the toughest decision that had ever confronted me when I had to choose on a moment's notice between the security of riding broncs with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and hopping to a nebulous job with the Lubin Picture Co.

The Show was playing Philadelphia when the decision of all decisions came in the form of an offer to join the Movie Co. But to get to the meat of this fabulous offer I must digress for a spell and explain what led up to this acting job:

It had been the cowboys' payday and after the night show Smoky Warner and Walt Cane tangled with a couple "Razor-backs" which resulted in one razorback being minus his right ear and a second one getting his skull bashed in when Walt Cane chose a rock instead of his knuckles. When Walt or Smoky, both from Chugwater, Wyo. were drawn into a fight with someone who thought he was tough they went in to win, and from their looks, they must have gotten in the first licks as neither showed signs of a fight.

We loaded the Cowboys and Cowgirls horses in their car and were back in our Pullman sleeper when Buffalo Bill barged in demanding which two cowboys had put the razorbacks hors de combat?

After a long silence from eighteen of us bronc riders Col. Cody said, "So you won't talk, eh? Well whichever two rascals were in that fight had better pack up and get going. As long as they remain here the life of every cowboy here will be in jeopardy. Razorbacks don't lose ears and pieces of skull then forget it! Some night at the runs you'll have your heads bashed in by a few three foot tent stakes, so

The author as he appeared about the time he began working with the Lubin Picture Co. Left is a typical opening day for a new film in 1913. The location was Prescott, Arizona.

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Old-Time Movie Cowboy"

It soon became apparent that what the public wanted was ACTION. Filming a train hold-up sequence was a way to supply it. The author is on horseback in background.

you better get off the Show tonight because I'll find out who it was and when I do by Godfrey you'll be counting ties in a hurry!" Whenever the Col. threatened to fire anyone it was, "You'll be counting ties." Like Heinz' pickle ad there were a variety of clauses in our contracts that called for "dismissal" and fighting was spelled in capitals.

After a long debate Smoky and Walt decided to get their saddles out of the car and depart. Our saddles hung from hooks over the horses' heads and rumps and as ill luck would have it both saddles hung in opposite ends of the forty foot car and impossible to get. "Well," Smoky said, "we'll let you know where we are and you can ship them to us."

Not hearing from them for some time we supposed they were bumming their way back to Wyoming, but when we pulled onto the lot in Philadelphia Lo and Behold Smoky and Cane were there to greet us. But when they asked about their saddles they found Johnny Baker was holding them. "When you boys each pay me the hundred and twenty five dollars I advanced you to come from Wyoming this spring," Johnny said, "you can have your saddles." Smoky told him he could keep his saddle and be damned, but Cane had his neck bowed.

"I'll have my saddle right now," he said, taking out a knife, "or I'll cut your damned gizzard out!" Johnny blew his Arena Whistle and a nearby Policeman came running. "Arrest this man," Johnny ordered. "He just threatened my life." So Walt was jugged on a charge that could send him up for not less than ten years.

We played Philadelphia a week and Johnny relented and asked that the charge be dismissed. But law was law in Pennsylvania and it took Col. Cody's vast powers to get cowboy Cane released, providing he left the State — which he did and pronto with a ticket furnished by the son of the Morrell Meat Packing Co.'s President.

"Now if that ain't a hell of a note," Smoky said to me. "We got a job here at Lubin's Motion Picture Studios and they needed us for a Western Picture they're starting tomorrow. Say!" he exclaimed. "Why not quit this damned show and get on with Lubin's! It'll beat ridin' broncs all to hell. I'll beat it back to the Studio and ask Joe Smiley. He's the Western Director.

An hour later Smoky was back. "Got good news!" he said. "Smiley said he wouldn't hire someone away from another outfit but if you should quit he had a job for you. So come with me and meet him."

I liked this big, genial Smiley the moment I saw him but I was wrached with indecision; fidelity to Col. Cody and Johnny Baker who had always favored me, and the fear of being fired in a week if I failed as a Movie Cowboy. I knew no more about movie making than a hog did about a white

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Recalling the old movie making days at Harry's Nevada Ranch in 1938 is the author (right) and Al Hernig, one of the Lubin Picture Co. cast in 1912.

OLD-TIME MOVIE COWBOY *Continued from page 9*

shirt and stressed my fears to Smiley.

"I can tell you this much," he assured me. "I have a four year contract and as long as I'm a Director here I guarantee you at least thirty-five dollars a week and that you won't be fired. Think it over and if you decide to come with us you will have to be at the Pennsylvania Station not later than two o'clock as we leave right on the dot."

I struggled with the problem until near afternoon show time at two o'clock and asked Johnny Baker what I should do. "Stay with us," he said, "and I'll see that you get seventy-five dollars a month instead of the regular sixty. But if you are sure you can better yourself by leaving us don't let me stand in your way."

No use to waste space on detail but it was with plenty trepidation I found myself turned into a breech-clouted Redskin the next day far up the Delaware River. The picture was an Indian saga and why Smiley chose me for the part he gave me I'll never know. I had spent years around the Shoshone and Arapaho tribes in Wyoming but they were a far war whoop from this picture tribe who used bark canoes instead of travoix.

Harry Myers was the stalwart "Brave" and Virginia Hudnutt (my spelling) the beautiful Indian maiden whom a lowdown white scoundrel was to grab and carry off. Who played this "heavy" part I have no idea. There were seven of us "cowboys" in Smiley's Company although Smoky Warner and I were the only two who could tell a cow from a haystack. Bill Arthur (with shoulder length hair) "Rusty" Wright, Joe Riley and John Keenan were homegrown Philadelphians while "Pony" Samson hailed from Kansas City. Now we were Injuns.

Sequences in the picture were so garbled I only recall the one big part I played as an expert "tracker" in searching for the stolen maiden. I was to grab up one of the gaily-symboled canoes, launch it in the white rushing waters of the Delaware and lead the phalanx of canoes on the girl's trail. I wondered how I was to follow the villain's footprints over water but movie scripts call for such legerdemain so off I started.

After upsetting the canoe twice in getting into it Smiley said, "Wait, I'll show you how you step into one of these things." But just as he had one foot in the canoe the other slipped off a rock and he and canoe went rolling down the swift river.

"Oh, Lord God!" I yelped, feeling sure Smiley would send me packing once Harry Myers and I had fished him out.

Smiley didn't laugh over the episode but he at least didn't fire me.

Not all the westerns were played out of doors. This scene from the movie, "Overalls" occurs in a dining room. Note the canvas roof – a stage prop that accurately portrays the buildings of the era.

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Although the tendency is to think of the "silent movies" as amateurish, they were actually quite elaborate and professional. Note the camera on the tower, set up to give a panoramic shot of the town. Below, the camera crew and actors travel on location to a river scene for a sentimental moment.

Going behind a bush he donned (with the aid of a string, as he was rather paunchy) Harry Myers' trousers, and soon Bill McGaffery was turning the crank of the Lubin camera.

It was on this, and most of the movies we made thereafter, that Joe Smiley proved to be a man of his word besides being a lovable, fatherly person. For each picture there was a separate colored title slip and Joe would arrange to have us work in one and often two extra productions even though he would film but one scene in some forthcoming picture. That would add an extra five or ten dollars to our weekly salary of thirty-five dollars.

I also learned that comedy and tragedy were not confined to the screen alone. In making pictures many funny and tragic scenes took place behind the camera. In a "Moonshiner" picture Harry Myers — as a revenue agent — and the moonshiner were shooting it out among some pines where the "still" was operating. For realism Smiley had his prop man loosen a dead branch on a pine and have a long string on the branch to simulate a bullet cutting off the snag near the moonshiner's head by jerking on the string. A good camera trick, but when the string was jerked the sharp snag shot half an inch in the pupil of the "heavy's" eye. We heard he lost the sight of the other eye also.

One winter day when it was two degrees below zero we were filming a Western town comedy with Jack Standing, brother of Guy Standing who later was Knighted "Sir Guy" playing the part of a young "Dude"

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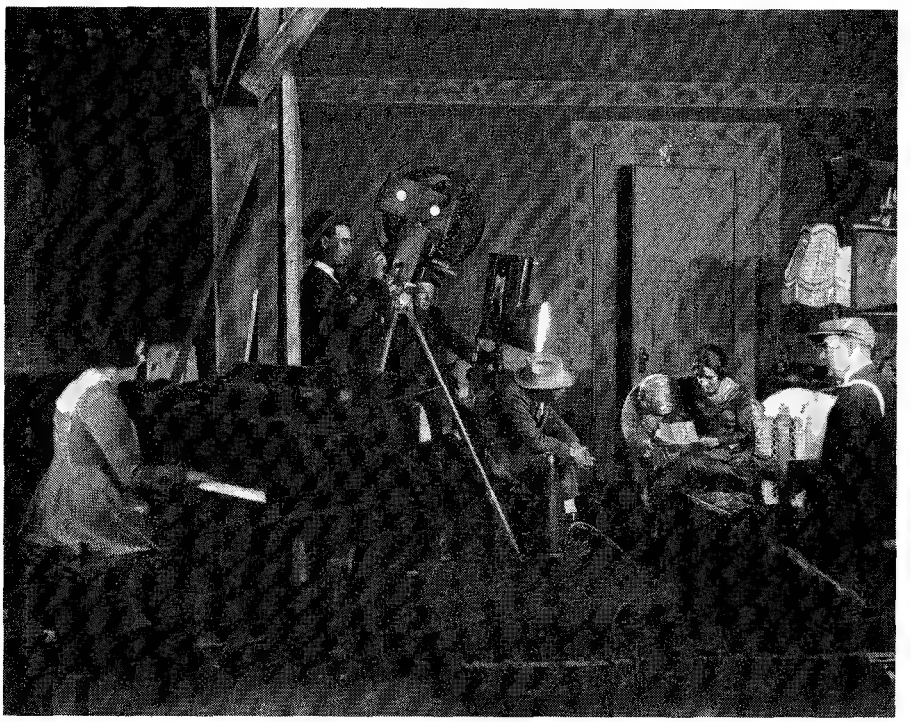


Getting the actors in the mood. In this shot, music was played by a pianist for the benefit of the actress (since there was no sound in the movie). Note the mock room set up on a film stage.

OLD-TIME MOVIE COWBOY

Continued from page 11

who was superstitious of walking beneath a ladder so we cowboys had ribbed him until he said he would get rid of this trauma once and for all by walking under the first ladder he came to.

Jack, however, couldn't walk under the ladder (where a man stood on top white-washing the high false-front of a saloon) without looking up. Smiley said, "Jack, your action is too obvious of that tub of white-wash up there. You've got to be nonchalant about it. Watch me."

We all "watched" but somehow Smiley's shoulder jarred the ladder and down came twenty gallons of white-wash, intended for the Dude, and Smiley was not only drenched to the skin, the tub cut a chunk out of our Director's head. Before Joe made it to his hotel he resembled a big icicle. That picture was delayed until a warmer day.

For diversity Joe was making a picture of a Paris scene where the gendarms were chasing a carload of bandits known as Apaches. Two French automobiles were purchased for this picture and a sequence in the wild chase called for a rear tire to be hit by a bullet, sending the auto careening over a two hundred foot cliff.

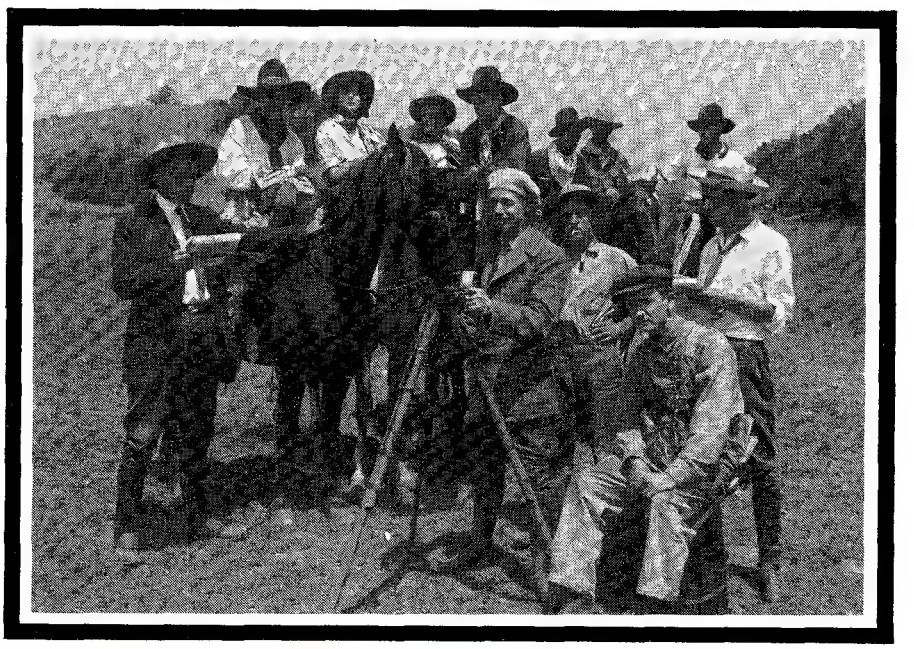
In simulating a "blowout" the rear wheel was jacked up and spinning. The camera was moved close as possible and Smiley had me lie on my belly between the legs of the camera tripod and put a .45 slug in the tire. The scene came out fine on the screen but it didn't record what the sudden escape of the seventy pound air pressure did to the shooter. It all but blew my eyes out and all scenes were halted while I was rushed to a doctor.

A week later the final scene of this picture was being taken at an abandoned stone quarry. The car was blocked just out of view of two cameras far below and across the deep lake that had formed in the quarry. Two sticks of dynamite and a can of powder were under the engine hood with wires leading a hundred feet to a battery manned by a "powder expert."

Smiley was to lift a flag as a signal for Smoky and me to release the blocks and give the car a shove. As the car was tumbling end over end halfway down the ledges dropping the flag was the second signal for the battery man to ram down the plunger. But the battery man got his signals mixed and pieces of the car and paper-mache dummies were scattered over half an acre to say nothing of sending Smoky and me to a hospital. Lubin was a stickler for realism but not at the expense of having his cowboys continually getting blown up so the picture was shelved at a loss of ten thousand dollars.

But ten thousand dollars was a mere drop in the ocean as Lubin was then releasing six pictures a week. Perhaps it would be well here to give a short biography of this uneducated genius: Sigmund Lubinsky and his wife owned a small optical shop in the heart of Philadelphia and while his wife tended store he would pack a heavy suitcase on his back and peddle every item from shoe laces and fifty-cent reading glasses to bolts of calico as he hoofed it along the skukill River from Philadelphia to Reading.

Between these trips he worked at inventing a motion picture camera and



In 1915 Art Acord (fourth from right in background) was the star of "A Man Afraid of His Wardrobe." At this time the author was breaking horses for the company.

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projector. Failure followed failure until he was satisfied with his models and was marketing them when Thomas Edison sued him for infringement of his Patent Rights. Undaunted, he perfected an entirely different type of camera and projector and after photographing moving objects he used a bed sheet for a screen and was so enthused over the results he decided to fake the Gans-Wolcott prize fight. But knowing nothing of picture taking he ran afoul of the law.

He had hired a couple local pugs to stage the fight, borrowed a photographer by the name of Hotaling from the "Philadelphia Enquirer" and sent kids out on the street to round up a free audience. Wanting a good crowd for this "epochal fight" he jammed over three hundred people on the building's flat roof before the Fire Department chased all but a few and the fight proceeded.

Lubin managed to show the picture in a few theatres and it was such a success he branched out, only to be sued again by Edison. But this time Edison hadn't a leg to stand on and lost the suit both here and abroad. Lubin was broke, but exhibitors had viewed his fight picture and he was in business. Four years later he had shortened "Lubinsky" to "Lubin," garnered four million dollars and his holdings were larger than Edison, Biograph, Kalem and Essenay put together. With nine stages under roof he was releasing nine pictures a week here and abroad.

Famous actors were hired from plays that had run two to four years in New York. John Halliday and Mae Buckley came from the successful play "The Whip" at a salary of $1,000.00 a week each. Wanda Hawley, a darling of the times, moved over from one of the lesser companies to play comedy roles beside May Hotaling under May's husband, who was now a Director.

Arthur Johnson (who, like John Barrymore, was a popular Matinee Idol now turned Actor-Director) borrowed us cowboys for the only real, honest to fact Western I believe we made in the three and a half years I worked there. The picture tital evades me, but not the name of the script's author, Antoine D'Arcy, who came to Lubin's and went on location with us. Antoin ("call me Gene,") was a small, white-haired introvertive man and the only time we saw a smile crease his face was when I commended him for his beautiful poem "The Face On The Barroom Floor," and remarked that I had seen the drawing on the floor of the "Teller House" Bar in Central City, Colo. I asked if he was present when the derelict sketched the picture and told the sad story of his life.

"Hell, no!" D'Arcy said and chuckled heartily. "I never saw Colorado! I was a feature writer on a New York paper and one evening on my way to my boarding house the poem suddenly struck me and after supper I wrote it. It was pure fiction, boy; pure fiction." Those words left me with a feeling of having lost something I had long cherished and, in a way, I regretted having met this famous author.

One of Lubin's famous Shakesperian actors lived next door to me and I'll say this for sixty year old Spottiswood Aiken: He and his twenty two year old wife enacted more violent, emotional scenes at home than "The Bard of Avon" ever thought up. Old "Spotty" was very jealous of his pretty wife and after fighting all night and breaking furniture they would kiss every few steps as she accompanied him as far as the Studio gate each morning. *Continued on page 14*

This amazing photograph reveals the fantasy of movie making in its earliest days. Note the actors, behaving as if they are in an elegant dining room, all the while sitting under a canvas roof with wood frame walls.

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OLD-TIME MOVIE COWBOY

Continued from page 13

But to get back to the silly Westerns we turned out, the fault lay more in the material than the Director. They weren't "scripts" such as Studios had in later years; they were poorly-written short stories and the Director had to wrack his brains for appropriate scenes. Often someone would show Smiley a short story in a magazine and before the day was out we would be making a picture from it. But worse, authors would sell the same story to two or three companies and we often saw a Biograph and Kalem picture exactly like one we had turned out.

It wasn't until the fall of 1913 that a story went the rounds of the Studio that shocked us like an explosion. It affected me especially, as the villain in question was a lovely lady we shall call Mrs. Rubenstein. She had once sent a sixteen stanza poem of mine to the Motion Picture Magazine for which its Editor paid me the magnificent sum of two dollars, so I had a personal interest in her.

Mrs. Rubenstein handled everything from the buying of manuscripts to making out the checks and since money rolled into the Studio so fast Lubin had no idea how rich he was, he never saw the checks. Then, through some disgruntled writer, (who had seen a rejected story of his on a screen) the sky fell in on beautiful Mrs. Ruberstein. It had come to light that for years she had copied submitted stories then sent the originals back with a rejection slip, although checks would be made to fictitious persons, cashed and credited to her account in various banks. Lubin claimed as much as $20,000.00 had been filched by her in four years, and although he pressed no charges against her he began doing business in a more business-like manner, yet his worst mistake was hiring an "efficiency expert."

In the old days of movie making there were no real scripts. The director would start with an idea and improvise action and dialogue. Often an entire movie would be made in this fashion in one day. The top photo is from, "The Pagan God" of 1919. Below it's "McGuire of the Mounted."

As a specimen of Lubin's slip-shod methods , and especially his eccentricity, on my first pay day George Rheems (I know not what department he represented) asked if I had my own saddle. "Hell yes!" I said, thinking what a silly question to ask a cowhand. "Got my own six-gun, too."

"Fine," Rheems said. "We usually rent saddles and guns when they're needed so as long as you have these you will get three dollars extra in your envelope."

"Holy Mackerel!" I said. "This is great, and I hope I'm not dreaming." A full year later I got a rude awakening. It was pay day, a Friday, and the Boss Carpetner called me off a set where we were doing an indoor scene and said "The Governor wants you up at his office right away."

I had made two falls from a runng horse during a knife fight between Billy Lamp, the Bad Guy, and Edgar Jones, the Nice Guy, and had been called on to ',double" for Lamp in this scene as he could scarcely get on a horse much less make a good fall from a running one while trying to carve up his opponent.

"Maybe," came the thought, "Lubin has watched that scene in the cutting room and he's giving me a raise." "Did you send for me, Mr. Lubin?" I asked this six foot six, onion-headed giatn with one white eye. I had often seen him at a distance but never at close range.

"Who are you?" he barked. When I told him my name he started pacing the floor and beating his head with both fists. "Oh ho! Oh ho!" he kept shouting. "You damn right I send for you! You take me for a sucker, eh? Do you get pay for your saddle and gun when you work mit cattle or some Wild West Show?" I started to speak but was shouted down. "Who the hell tell you I pay you for your gun and saddle?"

Before I could think I blurted out "George Rheems said--"

"Oh ho! Him, eh?" Yanking open a door he yelled "Miss Bertha, get me

Before joining up with the Lubin Co., the author rode with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. In this photo (author circled) the entire cast is shown. The place was a rail depot in Iowa.

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The Majestic in the heyday of the silent movies. Note the actor hired to stand in costume before the theatre in order to draw attention to the featured films.

that George Rheems!" Rheems was there so quick he must have been in Miss Bertha's office for his pay envelope.

Lubin wasted no time on preamble. "Get out of my sight!" he yelled at George, making me feel like a tattling fool, "You're fired! Both of you. Get out, out, out! You're sending me mit the poor house! Out!"

George winked at me, which, under the circumstances I thought mighty peculiar, and ducked out. As I passed through "Miss Bertha's" office she laughed as she handed me the brown envelope. All salaries were paid in cash and usually there would be a couple of two and a half dollar gold pieces among the greenbacks in our envelopes.

At the foot of the stairs I stopped to examine my pay and see how much I had made extra that week, but was so agitated over being fired I couldn't count and was stuffing the money in the envelope when I felt a hand on my shoulder and Lubin was speaking. "Vell my cowboy," he said, surprising me, "did you get mit a good pay this week?"

"I don't know," I said, too engrossed in my future to think.

"Vat's the matter mit that Joe Smiley," he blustered. "I vill tell that Joe Smiley to treat my cowboys better or I vill fire that Joe Smiley!"

"Well, you just fired me," I began, "so--"

"Who fired you?" he yelled. "Show me that man vot fired one of my cowboys and I damn quick vill fire him!"

A few minutes later George Rheems said "Hell, he's fired me at least once a month for five years!" George then told me of one of Lubin's idiotic pranks. The boss of the projection room (where six projectionists hand-cranked completed one reelers as they watched for flaws) had caught one of the men smoking and asked permission to fire him. "Och!" Lubin shouted, "he vill blow us all mit pieces! I vill fire that man myself!"

The projectionist heard of this and for three years he evaded Lubin. If Lubin was spied coming in either door at the end of the two hundred foot projection and cutting room building the fellow left his machine and hurried out the opposite way. But a day came when Lubin lay for him at the gate. That was one of three men the eccentric movie tycoon fired and stayed fired.

But the whole Lubin Organization was just as cockeyed as its owner. No attention was paid to casting a proper character and I played the "Judge" at "Black Bart's" trial! My line was "Oh take the son of a bitch out and hang him!" Actors said whatever came to mind and so much cussing occurred that the Deaf and Dumb audiences finally put a stop to it.

Lubin's had no such thing as a "Casting Office" and Director Grandon once inserted an ad in the "Enquirer" for fifty extras needed for

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GHOST TOWN Shootout

AN AMAZING GUNFIGHT IN A DEAD CITY

by Sam Ripple

Illustration by Jim Daly

Few history books have recorded the strange gunfight between Charles Aldo and Joe Brice. The reason is that it didn't happen when it was supposed to.

Skidoo was a lively town along the western rim of Death Valley in the late 1800's. Just north of Panamint City, it was known as an "orderly" town and perhaps it was when compared to Panamint or Rhyolite or Greenwater or any of the other booming mining towns. But it did have it's share of violence, like the time "Hootch" Simpson tried to borrow some money from Jim Arnold at the General Store. Turned down, "Hootch" downed several gulps of firewater and shot and killed Arnold. He hadn't bothered, however, to take the time to see if his victim was armed. He wasn't.

The townspeople quickly gathered when they learned that the unpardonable sin had been committed: an unarmed man had been shot. Without a trial or even so much as a few last words, they strung "Hootch" up by the neck.

Early the next morning he was cut down and buried. Then a photographer chanced to come into town. He pointed out to the townspeople that he could have gotten all their pictures in papers across the country if they had but delayed the hanging for one day, until he had arrived. Not to let a golden opportunity pass by, the obliging townspeople dug up "Hootch," dusted him off and hanged him again! His picture survives till today — not one photo of the townspeople remains, however.

Skiddo lasted almost into this century, but then the silver ran out and so did the miners. Wood frame buildings hastily erected with often elaborate front facades were left to bleach in the desert sun. The wild days of Skidoo were over, at least that's the way it was supposed to happen. But the ghosts of Skidoo were not content to lie quietly in their graves.

The bizarre incident between Charles Also and Joe Brice began over a simple misunderstanding. In 1923 five men rode into Skidoo on a pack trip to the mountains. They had high hopes of finding some gold and if not, of seeing a forgotten part of the west. Four of the men were easterners: Brice, Henry Nagle, Sam Napers and Charlie Levitt. They hired Aldo, who claimed to know the hills like the wrinkles on his hands.

They had an uneventful ride from Furnace Creek to Panamint City and then to Skidoo. But in Skidoo, kicking into the old buildings and rumaging in the ruins, Aldo came across a small metal chest. Blowing open the lock with his gun he discovered 133 neatly stacked double eagles, or $20 gold pieces, a small fortune in those days.

Aldo's shot brought the others running and soon they were all lacing their hands through the treasure. Then Aldo broke the bad news. He had been hired to help them find a gold MINE or at worst PLACER gold. His "contract" hadn't mentioned any treasure coins. Since he had found the double eagles himself, he reasoned, they were all his.

The easterners immediately protested the distinction claiming they were there together and it should be share and share alike. To drive home his point, Aldo drew his pistol and directed it at each of them. In turn they put down the coins and backed away. They valued life more than riches. All, that is, except Joe Brice. In a quick move he slid sideways, drew his revolver and shot Aldo in the left shoulder.

Instead of settling the dispute, this only served to enrage Aldo and he began shooting wildly.

The three other men, who had decided they were pacifists, scattered hiding behind old walls and board sidewalks. The tale they later related to Sheriff Cole Bingham brought a 17 man posse to Skidoo, where nothing but windblown buildings were found. Aldo, Brice and the coins had vanished.

The men related that after Aldo began shooting, Brice raced out of sight, apparently hiding in an old hotel. Aldo walked up and down the main street shooting into buildings until his gun was empty, reloading and shooting again. Blood was streaming from his shoulder wound, but he didn't seem to notice. The men expected Brice to fire from concealment at any moment and knock Aldo down. But it never happened.

Instead at the far end of the street a dark figure suddenly appeared from out of an old building. Nagle and Napers said he was tall, at least six feet and dressed in black shirt and pants. Levitt said he was short and wore a brown leather shirt.

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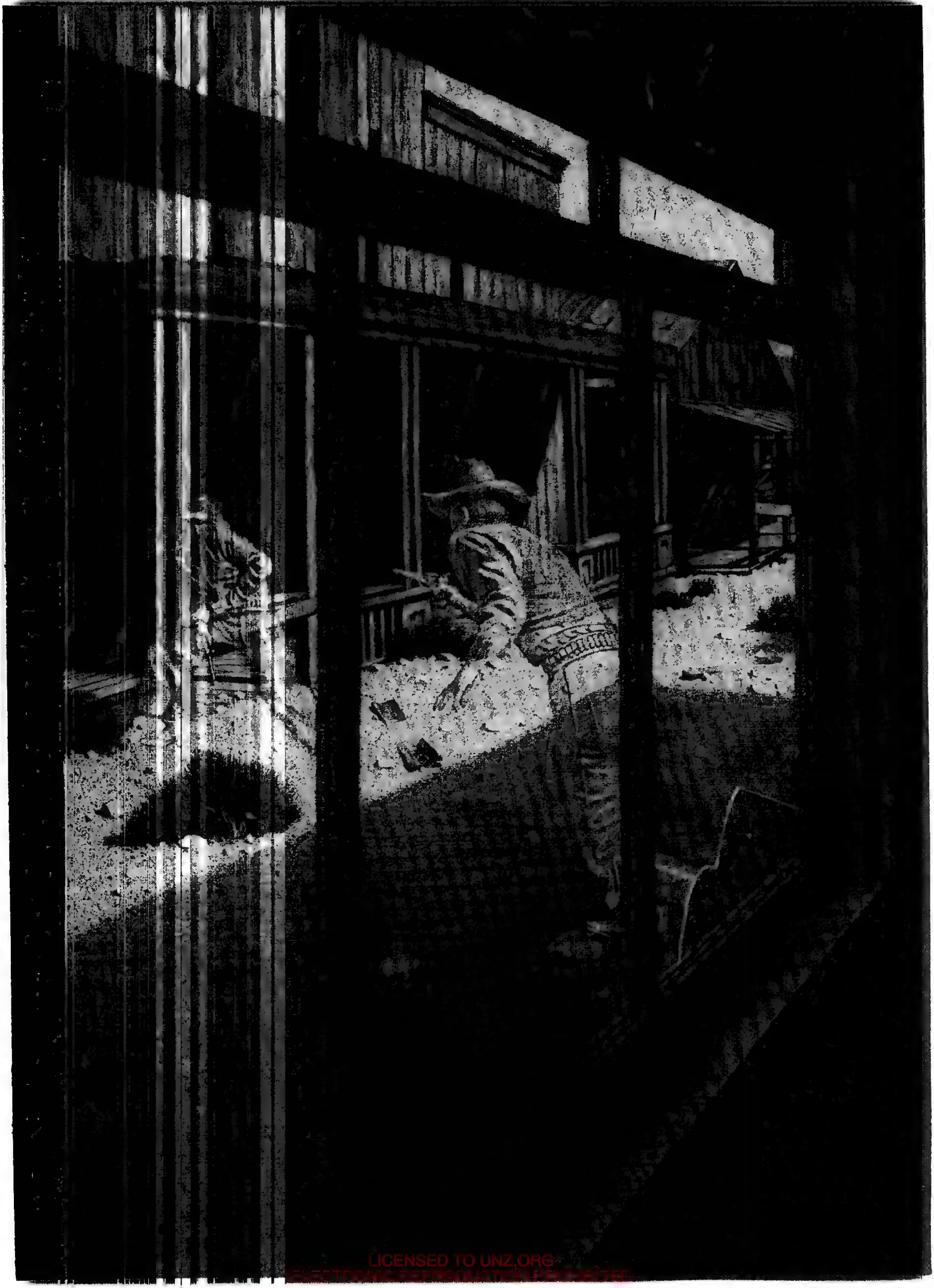

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BUTCH CASSIDY'S RIGHT HAND MAN

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE WILD BUNCH TELLS HIS STORY

by Joe Marsters as told to Kerry Ross Boren

"Nobody knows just what a hearty breed Butch Cassidy and his gang really were, unless they rubbed stirrups with these notorious white renegades!"

So begins the amazing story of "Cowboy Joe" who not only rubbed stirrups with the Wild Bunch but may very well be the last survivor of this hearty band of early-day outlaws.

"Give or take," says Joe, "no better ever lived. Butch had but one face, and talked with just one tongue . . . ."

Cowboy Joe, whose real name is Joseph Claude Marsters, was born in Portland, Oregon in 1894, and one might suppose he would have been a generation too late to have ridden with outlaws who were at their peak of activity when Joe was born, but such was not the case. But then, the story is better told in Joe's words:

"I had an uncle who was in his twenties but he was somewhat retarded and quite easy to take advantage of. He was very good to me, though, and I thought a lot of him. Well, he became an easy mark for these fellows who put the blame on him for a local crime and they took him out and hanged him. I was just a kid, but I witnessed that hanging, and it shook me up pretty much. I ran away from home shortly after that. I was then fourteen.

"My poor mother was quite a business woman in Portland, Oregon and through the lodges of Eastern Star and Rebeccahs, she had a small reward offered for me.

"I hopped a train with no money in my pockets and was able to elude the conductor for awahile, but eventually he caught me. I told him a cock-and-bull story about my aunt living in Green River City, Wyoming and my going there to see her because my parents were both dead, and from that time on, I lived high on the hog. They put me up in a pullman with full meals and everything.

"When we arrived at Green River City the conductor asked me if I knew where my aunt lived and I said, 'Yes, over there in that yellow house.' As it turned out, I picked the worst house in town, for that's where the sheriff lived! But it turned out all right because I didn't go all the way to the door — just headed that way until the train left and then I wandered down through town.

"That was the wildest place I had ever been in my life. The honky-tonks were playing loud music from their old rinky-tink pianos and the ladies were out on the sidewalks flirting with passing men, and people were coming and going all over the place.

"While I was watching all this with interest, somebody from behind me said in a gruff voice, 'Where you goin' to kid?' I looked around and saw this old fellow with a little white goatee standing there, giving me the once over. Then it occurred to me that I must look pretty strange with my city togs on. I told him quickly that I was from back East and that my parents had died and I had come to Green River City to find my aunt, but that she didn't live here anymore.

"I could tell that he didn't believe a word of it, but he took me by the arm and steered me toward a store and said, 'The first thing we gotta do is git you some new clothes and git rid of dat sissy outfit afore you git in trouble!'

"After I had a change of clothes, the old man took me to the livery stable where he was going to spend the night, and he separated his blankets and made a bed for the two of us. Before we went to sleep that night, he told me about himself. His name was Phil Mass and he was part Indian, originally from Chihuahua, Mexico. He had been a Pony Express rider and had driven the first Overland Stage outfit into Salt Lake City. He owned a large ranch on Henry's Fork south of Green River City. 'Come mornin," he told me, 'I take you home with me. Then you go to school. Boy your age ought to be in school.'

"The next day I rode all the way to Henry's Fork in the back of Phil Mass' bouncy wagon. My first day at school was a disaster. I was wearing the new Levi pants that old Phil had bought for me, and I climbed aboard a horse behind this girl who was several years older than me and she was a little surly. She whipped the horse along with a quirt she carried in one hand and everything went along all

It was a friendly meeting on June 10, 1974 between Lula Parker Betenson (sister of Butch Cassidy) and Joe Marsters, Cassidy's right-hand man during the outlaw days.

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right until she forced the horse to jump a ditch.

"Now this girl was quite ample in the rear parts and her buttocks stuck over the back of the saddle. There weren't any strings on the saddle and when she jumped the ditch, I grabbed on to her to hold on and she darn near killed me with that quirt! She accused me of handling her personal parts and no amount of explanation to the contrary would satisfy her. From that time on she had a special pick at me and she would heat the back of my pants up with that whip of hers until the rivets would become hot! It was not long before I swore off school for good and refused to go back.

"Phil Mass had several sons and at least two of them were members of the Wild Bunch. Johnny Mass, known as 'One-eyed Jack' Mass, was the man who introduced me to Parker and Longabaugh in September of 1908 at Linwood, Utah. He brought me up to Parker and said, 'This kid is lookin' for a job.' Parker asked me what I could do and I said I knew horses pretty well, so he gave me a job gingling horses for him.

"I could see right from the start that Longabaugh wasn't happy about having' a kid along but Parker soon informed him that I was hired and that was that. He told me to call him Butch when I insisted on referring to him as Mr. Parker, and Longabaugh was Sunday. Sundance was surly and I stayed away from him as much as possible.

"The first day I rode out with them, we headed off up the Green River and Butch kept pointing out sites to me along the way and explaining their history. He was very well informed on local history and enjoyed talking about it. After a long ride we arrived at Bridger Bottom on

Harry Longabaugh (The Sundance Kid) and Etta Place – photo taken in 1902.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR

the Green River where there was a little cabin, and Butch pointed out that the cabin had been built by the old trapper, Jim Bridger.

"The old shack, which no one ever slept in, just stored grub and ammunition, was made of old charred lumber. When we rode in, there was an old man tending the fire, and he greeted me with some suspicion. 'Who's the gawd-damned kid!' he spouted, and Sundance grumbled something, but Butch soon made me acquainted, although I never did learn the man's name. He was old and tough and had been around, you could tell that.

"When we first rode in, the old man was the only one in sight, but as the sun began to set behind the badlands, I could see riders appearing as if out of nowhere topping the ridges in ones and twos, looking around carefully before riding in to camp. They all eyed me pretty close.

"That night we had ten or fifteen men in the camp and it was quite a scene. Butch was very quiet and had little to say. While the others laughed and chattered, he leaned back in a sagebush away from the fire and played his mouth organ. I watched him curious like a kid and he montioned for me to come over.

Know what this is? he asked me. I told him it was a mouth organ, and he said 'Some people call it a harmonica. Did you know it was invented by Benjamin Franklin?' I shook my head. He asked me about myself, where I come from and all, and I found myself telling him straight about it, about running away. He grew kind of serious for a moment and told me, 'You ought to have a boot planted in your butt! I would give a hell of a lot if I could just go home. Then he smiled and ruffled up my hair and all was forgotten.

"During the talk that went on around the fire, some of the men began to talk about what they were going to do after they 'quit the trail.' Sundance said that he and Etta had picked out a place in the mid-west or the deep south where they could buy a farm and raise hogs. Butch bellowed with laughter and said, 'Gawd, I can see you and Etta now, wallowing up to your butts in pig manure, sloppin' the hawgs!' They all laughed about that and finally turned in for some sleep.

"Next day Butch pulled me aside and said, 'Kid, you come along with me today, and I will show you the ropes.' All of the men rode out in different directions that morning, just as they had come in, and I wondered what their job really was.

"I tagged along behind Butch and we forded the Green River and rode out towards Brown's Park. All the way

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Marsters reminiscing about Cassidy at the first annual banquet of the National Association and Center for Outlaw and Lawman History, Utah State University in 1974. From left: William C. Linn, Vice-President of the Pinkerton Detective Agency; Lula Betenson; Marsters; Marvel Lay Murdock, daughter of outlaw Elza Lay, Pearl Baker. author of "Wild Bunch at Robber's Roost"; and Lenore Conway, daughter of Vic Button to whom Butch gave his horse following the Winnemucca Bank robbery.

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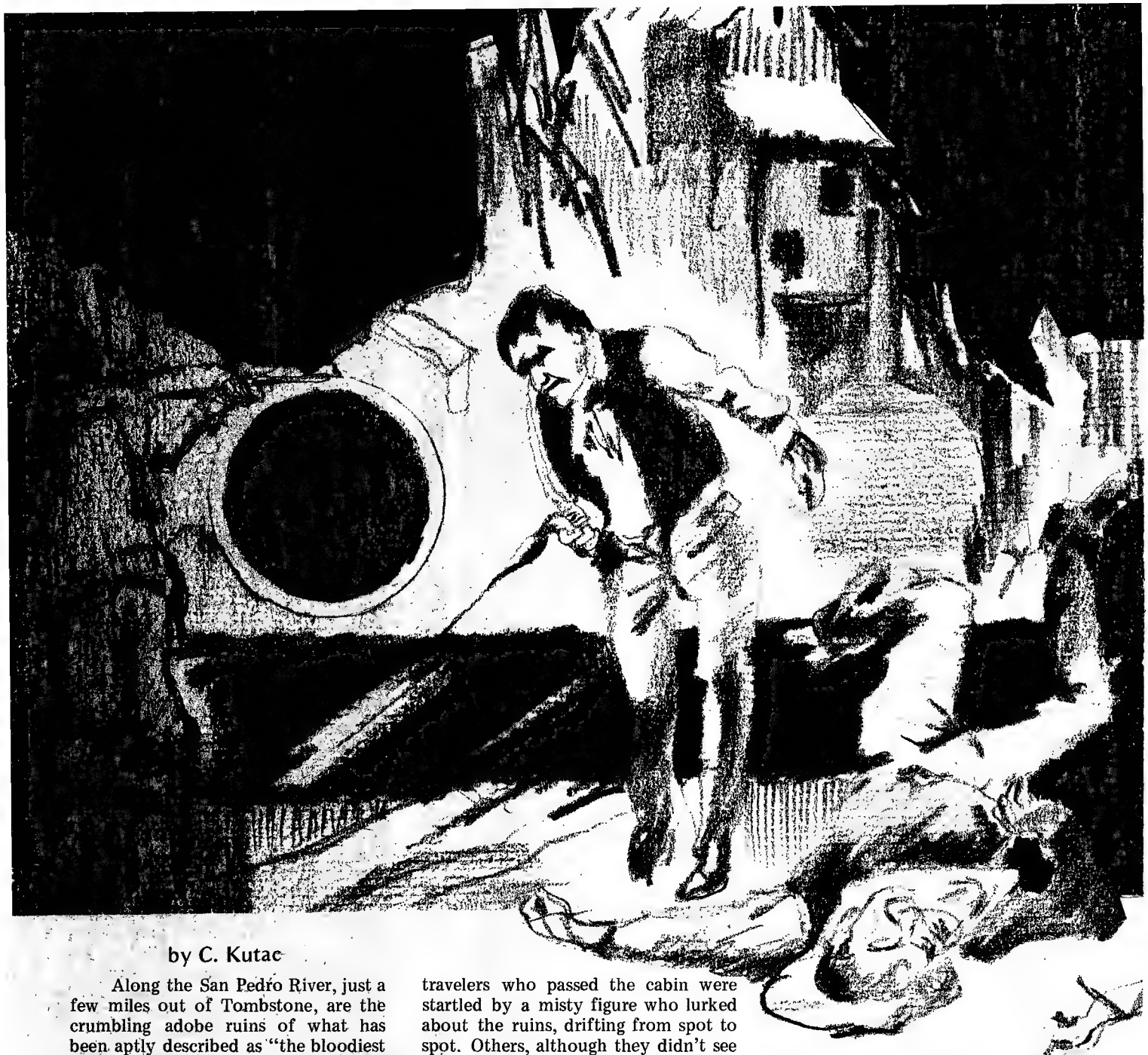

by C. Kutac

Along the San Pedro River, just a few miles out of Tombstone, are the crumbling adobe ruins of what has been aptly described as "the bloodiest cabin in Arizona history." Brunckow's cabin, built atop a small rise, was the scene of at least seventeen murders and God only knows how many more were committed there but went undiscovered. (The Tombstone Prospector, in an 1897 edition, reported that there had been a report of a man being shot and thrown into the well at Brunckow's cabin. Then the newspaper continued, "as there was an abundance of men" no one bothered to investigate.)

As to be expected, any place where men met death so regularly was bound to be viewed with caution, if not outright fear. It wasn't long before the Brunckow place was reported to be haunted. Even in the 1800's, travelers who passed the cabin were startled by a misty figure who lurked about the ruins, drifting from spot to spot. Others, although they didn't see the specter, did hear noises that seemed to radiate from the mine shaft. And the sounds very much resembled the racket made by hammer and drill, when working a shaft.

Because of the mysterious noises issuing from the empty shaft, the mine was avoided by prospectors and miners, who swore up and down that "the unquiet souls of the departed are wont to revisit and wander about the scene." The owners of the mine, in 1881, flatly refused to live anywhere near the mine, because of the strange goings on that occurred there.

According to an 1897 newspaper account, several foolhardy men decided to prove that the ghost at the Brunckow cabin was a hoax. And they intended to do this by the simple means of catching the jokester who had been masquerading as the ghost. The men settled themselves down near the cabin to wait, and sure enough, after awhile, the eerie figure appeared near the ruins. The men gave chase, but when they caught up with the apparition, it disappeared, only to appear a short distance away. The way the misty figure dissolved into thin air, convinced the men that they weren't dealing with an ordinary human being, and they went back to Tombstone with the firm belief that they had been chasing a ghost.

The tale of a ghostly visitor at the Brunckow cabin was never proved nor disproved, but the seventeen

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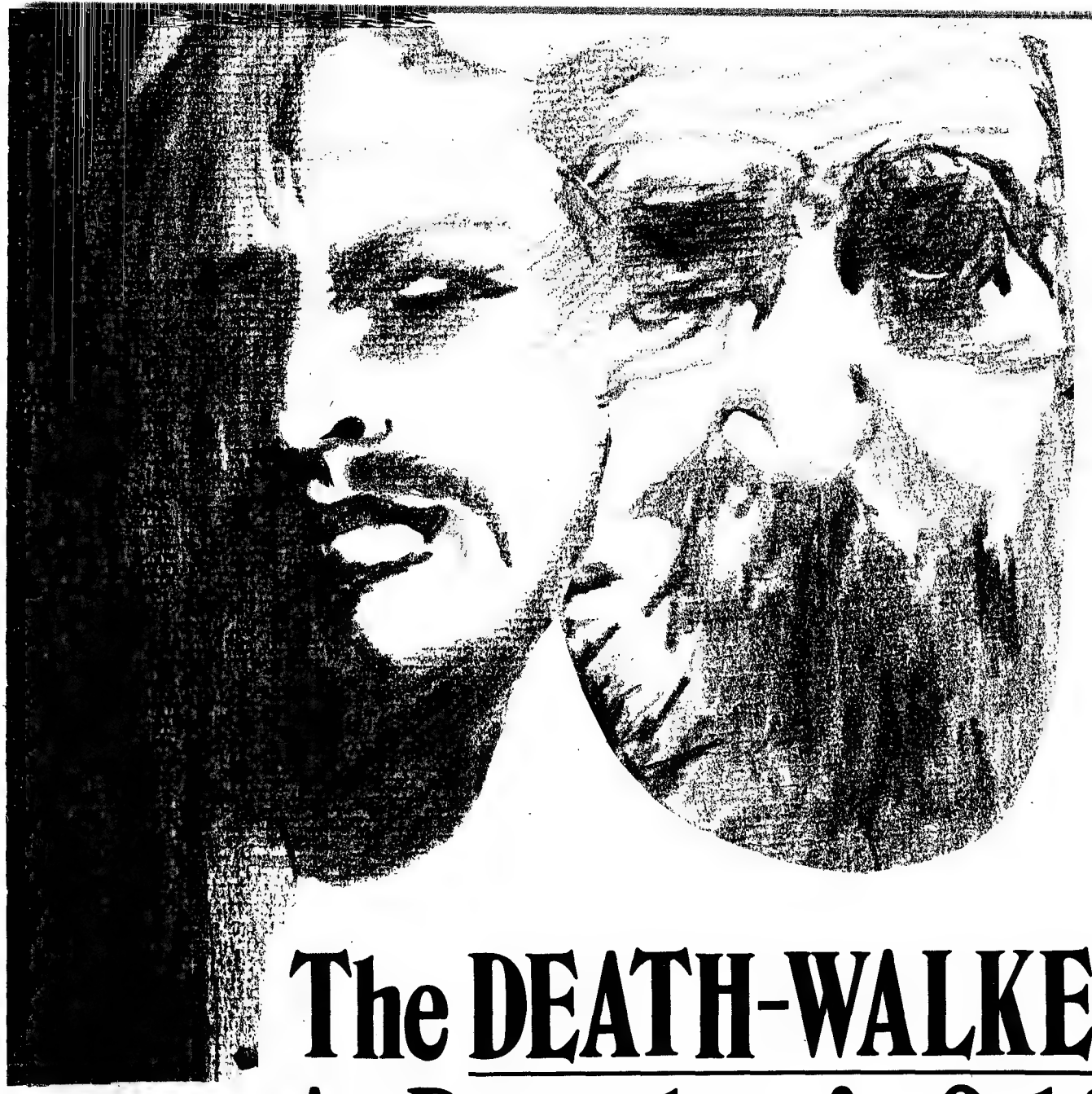

The DEATH-WALKER At Brunckow's Cabin

murders that occurred there were all well authenticated and backed up by solid facts. Among the first to die at the cabin was Frederick Brunckow himself, the man who both discovered the ore and developed the property. A mining engineer from Germany, Brunckow had been working for others, finding and evaluating ore in southern Arizona. He had made his employers very rich, then decided that he should quit his job and work for himself. After all, it was his knowhow that enabled him to single out the richest ore — so why shouldn't he find an outcropping and stake out a claim for himself? And that's just what he did.

Brunckow hired a crew of Mexican laborers, and began to develop the mine, He built a cabin, opened up a store and took in some partners. Whether it was the gold Brunckow had on hand, or the $2,000 worth of supplies in the store, or even the corral of horses and mules at the mine, or perhaps all together they proved too great a temptation for the laborers — they killed Brunckow, ransacked the store and drove off the livestock.

With Brunckow, at the time of his death, were David Brontrager, who had just began working at the store only a few days before. Also at the mine were James Williams and a man called Morse.

Continued on next page

IN 1881 A STRANGE APPARITION APPEARED NEAR TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA. . . AND BEFORE IT LEFT 17 MEN HAD BEEN MURDERED

Brunckow Cabin in 1965 - Photo courtesy the Arizona State Historical Society.

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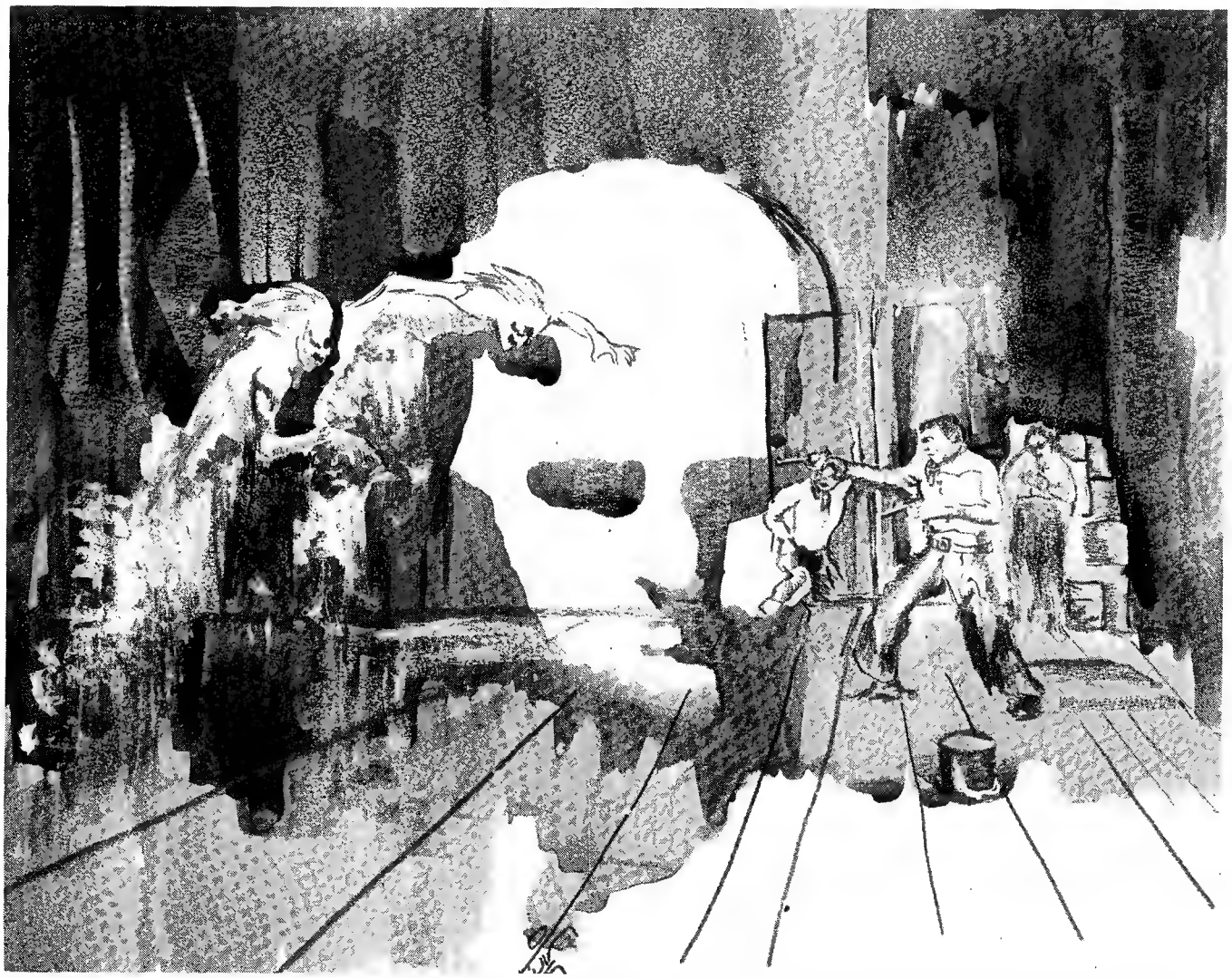

"The men settled down near the cabin to wait and sure enough, after awhile, the eerie figue appeared... The men gave chase, but when they caught up with the apparition, it disappeared, only to appear a short distance away. The way the misty figure dissolved into thin air convinced the men they weren't dealing with an ordinary human being and they went back to Tombstone."

DEATH—WALKER

Continued from preceding page

William Williams, brother to James, had been away for about three days to get a load of flour. When he returned home, the night of July 26, 1860, he was alerted by the fact that there wasn't a hoard of barking dogs to greet him. The place was usually overrun by cur dogs.

At first, Williams must have suspected that someone had killed off all the dogs. Everywhere was the heavy stench of death and decaying flesh, and it was so strong that Williams found it nearly unbearable.

Stepping into the store, he lit a match. The tiny flame gave just enough light that he could see that the place was a mess, the floor littered with all the things that had been neatly lined up on the shelves when he left. It was impossible to tell just what was missing, the way everything was scattered.

Among the litter, lay the body of his brother James, now bloated almost beyond recognition. Mice had been nibbling on corpses extremities, and startled by the light, then scurried into the dark corners of the store.

Williams crept carefully back to his wagon and went for help. It was later found that Brunckow and Morse were brutally murdered. Brontrager, the cook, was only taken prisoner by the laborers, then turned loose, in the desert without shoes, water or horse.

After Brunckow's death, his place lay idle. As it was situated on a rise, and gave a good view of all the surrounding countryside, it became a favorite with rustlers and anyone else who needed a place to camp, that would let them watch and see if they had been trailed. One morning, five men were found dead at the cabin, but it wasn't anything to upset the sheriff, as all five were members of an outlaw gang. It was simply assumed that they had quarreled over dividing up the loot.

Folks became sure that some kind of curse was attached to the Brunckow place, because sudden death or misfortune struck those who owned it or even those who tried to work it. Some of them were killed in disputes over the mines, as was Milton B. Duffied, in 1874. His killer was jailed, but managed to escape into Mexico, still maintaining that he had killed only in self defense.

A number of men died at the cabin, when they had merely stopped overnight to camp there. Mainly these were travelers, who didn't know the bad reputation that the Brunckow place had gained. Others, like the five outlaws, were merely drifters, hiding from the law, ready to quarrel over trifles, with the result that shootouts weren't uncommon there.

Far into this century, people reported seeing a ghostly visitor, where the cabin had been. Still heard, too, were the sounds as the misty figure worked on the old mine. It seems as if, even though all traces of the original cabin have all but disappeared, the site itself is still haunted by specters of its bloody past.

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BLOOD ran on Crowheart Butte

A TRUE SAGA OF INDIAN HONOR AND BRAVERY

PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR

by Edgar Webb

We shall not attempt to recount, verbatim, this story as it was recounted to us in 1906 by Dick Washakie, son of the illustrious Chief Washakie, for his words were not only garbled but probably embellished as most Indians of that day usually enhanced any tale they told, but we must take into account that they were for the most part, "Blanket Indians," preferring a single blanket to "white-man's dress."

Also, since historians have recorded the many battles Chief Washakie and his braves fought alongside our Government troops against the Crows, the Arapahoes and Sioux we have no wish to add to the divergent accounts of all these encounteres. Our account deals solely with the many piecemeal fireside pow-wows with "Chief" Dick Washakie, although, by their own mouths we found more "Chiefs" than "Indians."

Like his noble father, Dick was a great orator, but with that, all resemblance in character ended. Dick only lived to eat, gamble and "make big talk." And through these "talks" we managed to work out the jigsaw account of his father's life and the naming of Crowheart Butte.

Of the few Western Indians who have won fame through their ability as great warriors and became legendary figures, history, it appears, has said little of the greatest of them all; Chief Washakie of the Shoshones. The names of Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Tall Bull and Iron Tail were foisted on the public through millions of words or in the flesh until their names were almost as well known as that of George Washington.

But their fame came about through their being perennial fighters. Not that they had no cause to fight, for they did, but they were haters of the white man and all he represented. Not so with Washakie. The small fame he could lay claim to was being a friend, or endeavoring to be, to the human race. If he went into battle against other tribes, he did so usually because war was forced on him.

Washakie (meaning Bullhide Rattle) was born in the 1790's of a

Shoshones at Fort Washakie on July 4th, 1906. Dick Washakie, son of the Great Chief on extreme left (George Ludin photo).

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Crowheart Butte (left) on the upper Wind river. Below is Chief Washakie (center, seated) and scouts. His son is standing on left. This photo was taken years after the hand-to-hand fight in which he cut out his opponent's heart.

CROWHEART BUTTE

"Flathead" mother and an Umatilla father and was a pacifist from his first remembrance and his abhorrence of warring tribes was deeper instilled in him through a Shoshone girl, by the name of Sac-a-jawea, of Lewis & Clark fame, whom he came to know.

At an early age he joined the Shoshones and through his gentle manner and counseling soon became a sub-chief. The Sioux, the Blackfeet, the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes and Crows were all war tribes. Not only against the Whites but against any tribe who refused to wage war against the White invaders of their Western domain, so they had little use for the Shoshones and continually harassed them by subversive killings or outright War Parties.

Thus, the Shoshones were drawn into many engagements with one enemy or another and through his uncanny knowledge and bravery as a fighter Washakie was soon elected Chief of the Shoshones.

At that time the Shoshone tribes were scattered and fell easy prey to the warring factions and on becoming Chief of all Shoshones Washakie's first move was to bring these splinter tribes into the Wind River tribe as there was no place in the Nation as well suited to a Red Man's needs as was this vast territory that took in the Sweetwater, the southern part of the Big Horn River and westward up the Big and Little Wind Rivers to the lofty mountains; some three million acres in all.

Once these scattered tribes were brought into one they presented a formidable enemy to tackle. But Washakie was not content to depend on numbers alone and began building his most promising braves into a co-ordinated defensive fighting machine that was later to be found along the same line as that of the United States Armies.

His knowledge and foresight told him peace could not be theirs. Invading tribes from the North and the East had learned of the rich resources his people enjoyed and would some day try to oust him. This was the Paradise of all hunting grounds, for antelope, deer and elk abounded by the thousands and the beautiful rivers and streams held more fish than all the tribes of the Nation could eat. The tall, strong grasses would support all the ponies they would ever need and the lofty mountains "Where the sun hides at night" held many bear for robes and bedding when the snows came.

With this lush territory (claimed by Chief Washakie) being little short of the "Happy Hunting Ground" Washakie knew from reports by his scouts that game was growing scarce farther East, and though he deplored war he knew the day was coming when they would be forced to fight an invader.

He hadn't long to wait. His scouts reported a large force of "Crows" had moved into the upper Wind River country. The fact that only a few women were observed caring for the freshly-killed game and the many lodges were proof this was no ordinary hunting party.

At this news Washakie gathered a hundred of his best trained fighters and held a long council before leading his party to within a couple miles of the Crow encampment. Hoping to avoid trouble if possible Washakie sent one of his scouts (accompanied by the scout's wife to show they were on a peaceful mission) to parley with the Crow Chief, Big Robber, and tell him this was Shoshone land and ask him to take his hunters and return North.

To show his contempt of such a request Big Robber ordered the scout held while he taunted him before driving a knife in the scout's heart and scalping him.

Handing the gory scalp to the scout's screaming widow he said, "Go! This is my answer." Such a breach of etiquette between Chiefs was a plain invitation to fight and, though Washakie was sadly disappointed, he accepted the challenge.

According to the legend, perpetuated by Dick Washakie, the ensuing battle was fierce, though of short duration. Big Robber found his own picked fighters no match for Washakie's men and during darkness withdrew to a nearby flat-topped butte. This afforded his braves with the advantage they needed as the

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crown of the Butte could only be reached through one narrow slot in the sheer cliff that encircled the Butte near its top.

Washakie readily saw through Big Robber's plan and knew his men could easily be picked off as each tried to gain the battle ground, so he employed a plan of his own. He also knew the Butte had no water on top and since the enemy had been forced to leave everything but their few rifles, bows and knives Big Robber was caught in his own trap.

Sending part of his fighters, with water and food, during the night to stay hidden under the over-hanging cliff, so as to guard the slot, there was nothing to do but wait. Soon, Washakie believed, Big Robber would realize his predicament and come to terms.

Many of his braves, however, had a plan of their own. "Take their ponies and lodges," they argued, "and that will teach them never to come back."

"Poor medicine," they were told. "There are many Crows to the North and they will come in great numbers and we will have a bigger fight. This must be settled here and now. When their bellies shrivel up like an old moccasin they will agree to leave without bloodshed. Big Robber is a fool but a smart fool. We will wait."

Washakie was only partly right. On the following day Big Robber, knowing each hour's delay would be to Washakie's advantage, sent an emissary down with a challenge. He alone would fight Washakie and the victor would forever have undisputed right to all the Wind River country for his people.

Against the wishes of his braves, who were eager to fight, Washakie sent back word he was accepting such a treaty, but to insure against Big Robber's men entering the fight his own men would accompany him but would remain neutral so long as did the Crow men. If Big Robber agreed to this he was to stand on the Butte's rim and remain there until Washakie and his guard were on the Butte.

As soon as the Crow Chief appeared Washakie left two of his men to guard all the ponies and at once led his braves to the base of the cliff. "If," he then said, "I do not stand beside Big Robber there has been treachery and you will wait here and be ready to fight."

That fight, even today, is one of the proudest legends of the Shoshones. Washakie had many knife wounds when he made his way back to his men carrying Big Robber's heart on the point of his knife. "Let this be the last blood, he told his men, "a Shoshone will take from a Crow. Big Robber was a brave Chief."

"We will only take their ponies," his men chorused but were silenced. "We take no ponies," they were told. "I have given my word."

As victor and vanquished were breaking camp a young squaw came to Washakie. "I will go with you," she

Continued on page 56

Indians in a settler's town – Shoshoni, Wyoming about 1907 (right). Below is Chief Washakie in old age. The photo was taken in 1899, a year before his death. His grave marker is shown at right. The Chief was 96 years old when he died.

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NEW CLUES to the

A DREAM . . . . OR THE MOST FANTASTIC CACHE OF ALL TIME? – PETROGLYPHS SHOW THE WAY

by Eddie Rankin

The author using modern equipment checks out Barranca near where the pictographs indicated treasure may be hidden – note trail in background.

Due to present day economy we'll no doubt have a repeat of the late 1920's and early 30's. Many of you reading this article weren't even born at the time of the 1929 crash. Those of you who do remember first hand the "Great Depression" will recall how the professional, amateur and novice took to the back country, washes and old mines to try their luck prospecting and panning to make beans.

A few looked for buried treasure. Those panning and prospecting had some information and a few made enough to keep their loved ones in "Beans" and many received for their efforts only fresh air and sunshine. Now and then one would get lucky and make a few extra dollars but they were few and far between.

As to the few looking for buried treasure they had mostly legends and old (?) maps. These were the days long before the Metal Detectors and other electronic devices. Also there wasn't the research and information about Ghost Towns, old building and Trading Posts and buried treasures as there is today. There wasn't the interest nor the equipment we have today.

Here in — I'll pass on what information etc. I have on perhaps the "Granddaddy" of all the lost buried treasure. Man has been looking for the

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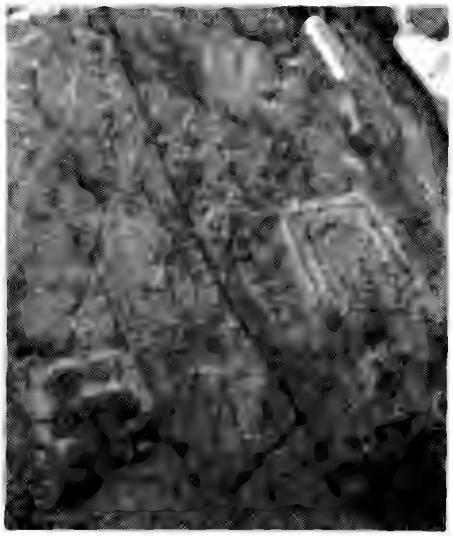

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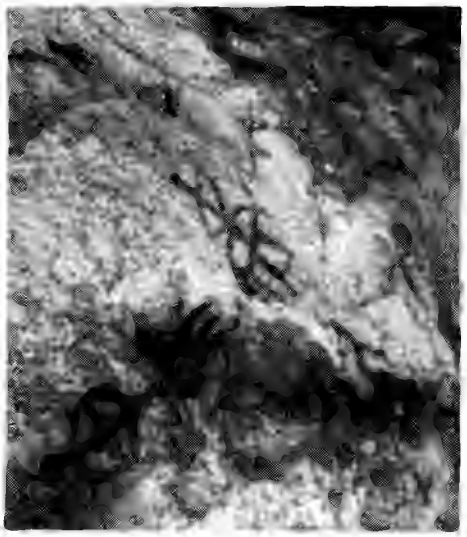

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AZTEC TREASURE

Aztlan Treasure for hundreds of years and to date no one has found it.

In the next few paragraphs is the historical informaton gleaned from an article by Ralph Caine, "Is This Aztlan?" in the issue of Desert Magazine (1965) and "Aztlan Revisited," by Stanley Demes in the 1967 issue (October) of Desert Magazine.

According to the stone calendar of Mexico in the year ONE the Aztecs (CRANE PEOPLE) left their home in the far North and started looking for a new home site. This was due to prophecy. Where the Legendary "Vale of Atzlan" (Place of reeds and herons) was located no one knows. It is believed somewhere from British Columia and Panama North and South and East and West between New Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. Now that is a big area.

They left their home of Seven Caves located on an island in the Western area of said lake. Their "Gods" had told them to go South and they would find an eagle sitting on a cactus with a snake in its mouth. This would by marshy land and the cactus would be on a little island. When they arrived at this location they were to make their home. Here they built their temples and this later became Mexico City as we know it today. The Aztecs or Crane People called themselves Mexitl. The National emblem of Mexico is the Eagle on the Cactus with a snake in its mouth.

Stanley Demes tells us in his article that the Aztlan was a land of Seven Caves and they were divided into Seven Tribes of Nahuatl speaking people. Caine tells us that these Nahuatl speaking people covered the area later populated by the Paiute, Shoshone of the Great Northwest, Panamint, Serrano, Cabrieleno, Luiseno, Capenoes and Cahuillas. This gives you an idea of the large area you have to search for the Aztlan Treasure. Also there must have been a close connection with tribes in Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona and California.

What we're looking for is where at one time there was a lake with an

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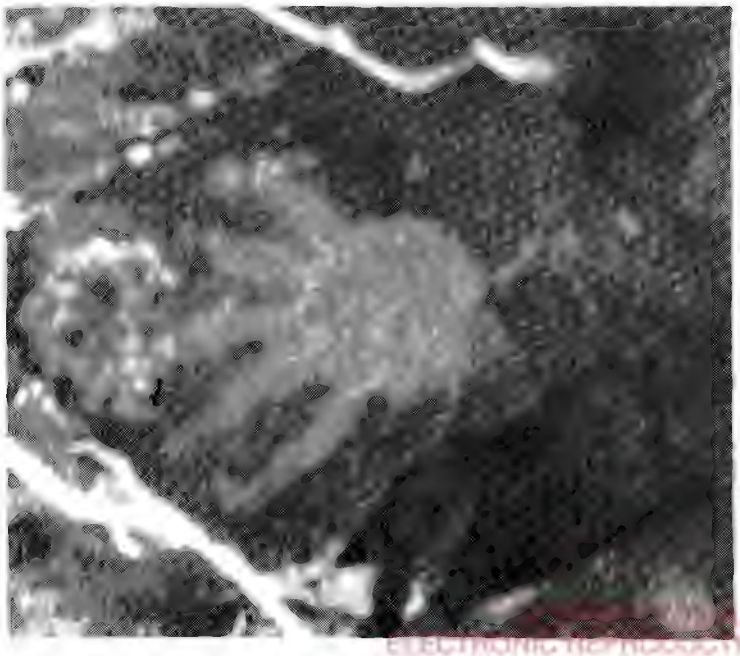

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Pictographs (many now destroyed) which may point the way to the fabulous Aztec treasure: (1) These were on the rock shelf — they seemed to indicate the direction; (2) on the wall above the rock shelf outside the "pit" — apparently an Indian symbol; (3) overall view of the South wall, (4) author assumed these figures referred to men the Indians were attacking? (5) "sun" outside pit fixes location from where to start search.

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Island towards the Western shore. This Island housed a huge cave or Seven different caves. This is the supposed location of where the Crane People came from before arriving at the place the prophets had directed them to relocate. The description of their base location and the one where Mexico City now stands were almost the same except the new location didn't have a cave or caves.

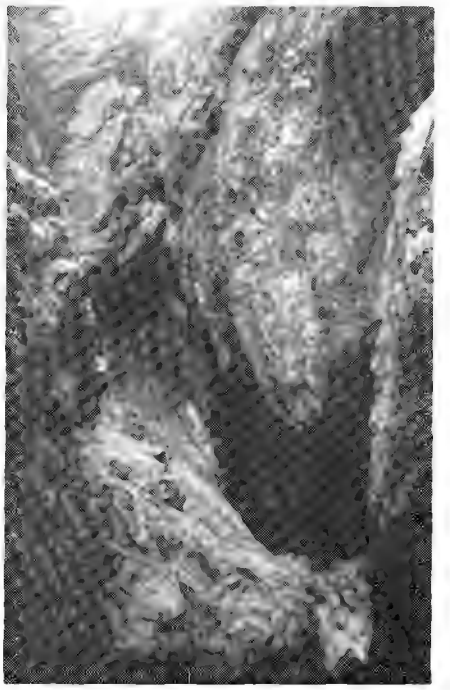
Vague records and legends tell us that the Crane People left vast wealth of gold, silver, etc. in the cave or caves. Why they didn't take the precious metal and gemstones with them is unknown and unexplained. We assume from records, legends etc. that the Crane People and the Aztecs didn't use the metal and stone for barter but for figurines and idols and reproductions, of their minds eye, Gods. If this be the case why didn't they take their works of art with them?? Perhaps it was because of their fear of the Spaniards taking them as they destroyed their Temples, lodges and halls later.

Besides Ralph Caine and Stanley Demes the following historians had their own ideas and reasons: Edgar Lee Hewitt believed the Vale of Aztlan was located in the Valley where the Casa Grandes ruins are in Chihuahua, Mexico. W.G. Ritch's book "Aztlan" published in 1885 places Montezuma's (Aztlan) buried Treasure in New Mexico as does the Spanish historian Acosta who arrived in Old Mexico in 1585. Bancroft and Prescott along with Fray Sahugun all believed Aztlan was located in the Great Salt Lake area of Utah.

Others believed it to be on one of the islands off the coast of Sonora in the Gulf of California. Seler liked the island of Acocolo. Vaillant says there is some basis for the lake region in the State of Michoacan, Mexico. If we're to go along with Prof. Wigberto Jaimiez, he points out the Marsh Lands and Lagunes near Mazatlan is the location of the buried treasure.

Thanks to the Spanish conquerors and their allies, Tlaxcalans the temples, lodges and most everything was destroyed. Perhaps the most valuable of historical information as to who the Crane People were and where Aztlan was located, was destroyed with the buildings.

Now that we have some of the back ground on the Montezuma or Aztlan Treasure we're ready to form our own conclusions as to where to look. My conclusions drawn from the information you have read up to this point plus some findings of my own



The "pit mine" is located in rough country. In top photo Ford Dobson can be seen (at bottom) climbing up hillside. Bottom is view looking into cut out of mine dug by nature.

and that of Ford Dobson and George Tortes.

Ford Dobson, half Cherokee and a miner and prospector more than half his life. Ford is now making Indian jewelry in Idyllwild, California. He is one of the best and a great deal of his gold, silver and copper along with gemstones he has mined himself.

George Tortes an Arizona Indian adopted a number of years ago by a Cahuilla Indian family living on the Santa Rose Indian Reservation 10 miles East of Anza, California. George and his family live there today. His adopted uncle made a great part of his income off of gold he found in the nearby mountains and desert.

This writer a small part Cherokee and a lot like George Tortes likes to prospect but to get in and mine (dig with pick and shovel) would druther someone else would do that part. Prospect yes. I bring out the fact that Tortes full blooded, Dobson half and yours truly one forth American Indians are not "Spooked" by old tales and legends as some are.

I moved to Hemet, California in 1961 and it was some time afterwards that I met Ford Dobson and we talked mining for sometime before we started working together. We checked each other out. This you should do before giving your information to a person whether it be a mine, gemstone location or a lost or buried treasure. Camp with them a couple of times at unimportant spots. Then if you like them and feel you can trust them then and then only form your partnership.

We'd been out a few times and it was on one of these prospecting campouts that we stopped kidding each other and felt a mutual trust. Ford told me of a place he had heard of over on the Colorado River about the turn of the century a white-eyes and his Indian wife were getting gold out of a mine. In fact the stories were that this couple had over a period of about ten years taken more than $90,000.00 out. The man died about 1910 and his widow moved back to the Reservation up river. It was at this mine that we became interested in the Aztlan Treasure.

We found the abandoned mine with little or no trouble. In fact, we found it the first day. The mine was not what you'd call a mine. It was a huge bowl like washed out of the rock where the stream passed through. Due to flash floods it had cut a three foot by seven foot trench through solid rock. Forming a water fall it had cut the huge bowl, some 12 to fifteen feet deep and approximately 12 by 20 feet. It was washed in such a way that the far end (down stream) was like a wall or dam across the east end and formed another waterfall during rains. It is not a year round stream.

The bottom was a bit rounded and as we later found out had large cracks-up to one inch wide. The bottom had more than six feet of sand, gravel, fair sized rocks, clay and

Continued on page 58

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The LEGEND of the LADY in BLUE

SHE DISAPPEARED ONE DAY IN SPAIN, AWOKE THE NEXT IN THE SOUTHWEST DESERT — THE INDIANS CALLED HER A MIRACLE

by C. Kutac

The legend of the Lady in Blue is one of the most puzzling legends of the southwest, and it dates back to the time when the Spanish explorers (including Fray Alonso de Benavides, Ponce de Leon and Father Kino) first trod the new land, seeking to convert the Indians.

Again and again, the Spanish heard the same story from numerous tribes in New Mexico, California, Arizona, Texas and Mexico. Although minor details varied, mainly the accounts were the same, for they all dealt with a beautiful lady in blue who neither ate nor drank, and always appeared suddenly out of nowhere, so it was impossible to tell how she had traveled there. She came only to heal the sick and to tell the Indians about God. Her visits never lasted more than a few hours and when the Lady in Blue left, she promised that others would come later, to teach of Jesus and the Virgin Mary.

A number of early-day priests (who had no direct contact with each other and so could not have influenced each other) found evidence that a beautiful white lady had, indeed, visited the Indians. In the 1600's, for instance Don Damien Manzanet told of his experience in Texas. An Indian governor approached him with the request for some blue cloth to bury his mother in . . . and the Indian would settle for no other color. When asked why the burial shroud had to be blue, the Indian explained that his aged mother had often seen the Lady in Blue and hence had come to love her. The Indian woman wanted to be buried in a shroud that was the same color as the blue that the white woman always wore.

The French explorer, St. Denis recorded the legend of the Blue Lady, as he heard it from the Indians. The Padres of the San Augustin Mission also wrote that Indians there had been visited by a lady in blue. In California, the tribesmen told of the time when frightened warriors let fly a volley of arrows at a woman dressed in blue, but to their amazement, the arrows passed through the beautiful woman, without harming her.

In Arizona, the Papago told of an elderly chieftain who was beside himself with grief — first his only son had died and now his son's only child, a boy, had sickened and was near death. The elders of the village were gathered around the campfire, mourning the impending death of the little boy. Suddenly there was a burst of blinding light that hurt the eyes of the Indians and made them look away. When their eyes had returned to normal, the first thing the Indians saw, was the Lady in Blue. When she asked if there were any sick members of the tribe, she looked directly at the chieftain, as if asking the question of him alone. When the Indian leader explained about his grandson, the Blue Lady hurried to the boy's side and with a mere brush of her soft hand, she restored the boy's health.

What most amazed the early-day priests was that there was definite evidence of someone having taught the Indians about Christianity. Various Indian tribes had knowledge of the crucifix and some even claimed to be Christains already, when the priests first made contact with them. Hundreds of Indians clamored to be baptized and when asked why they were so eager, they explained that the Lady in Blue who had visited them, taught them of their need for baptism.

It was Fray Alonso Benavides who first brought to light the second half of the legend, which is even more puzzling than the first. When he asked the Xumana Indians why they were so anxious for baptism, their spokesman, told Benavides about the lone woman in blue, who had traveled their land, speaking to each tribe in its own tongue. Pointing to a portrait of a nun, the Indian said that the woman in blue ahd been dressed just like the woman in the painting.

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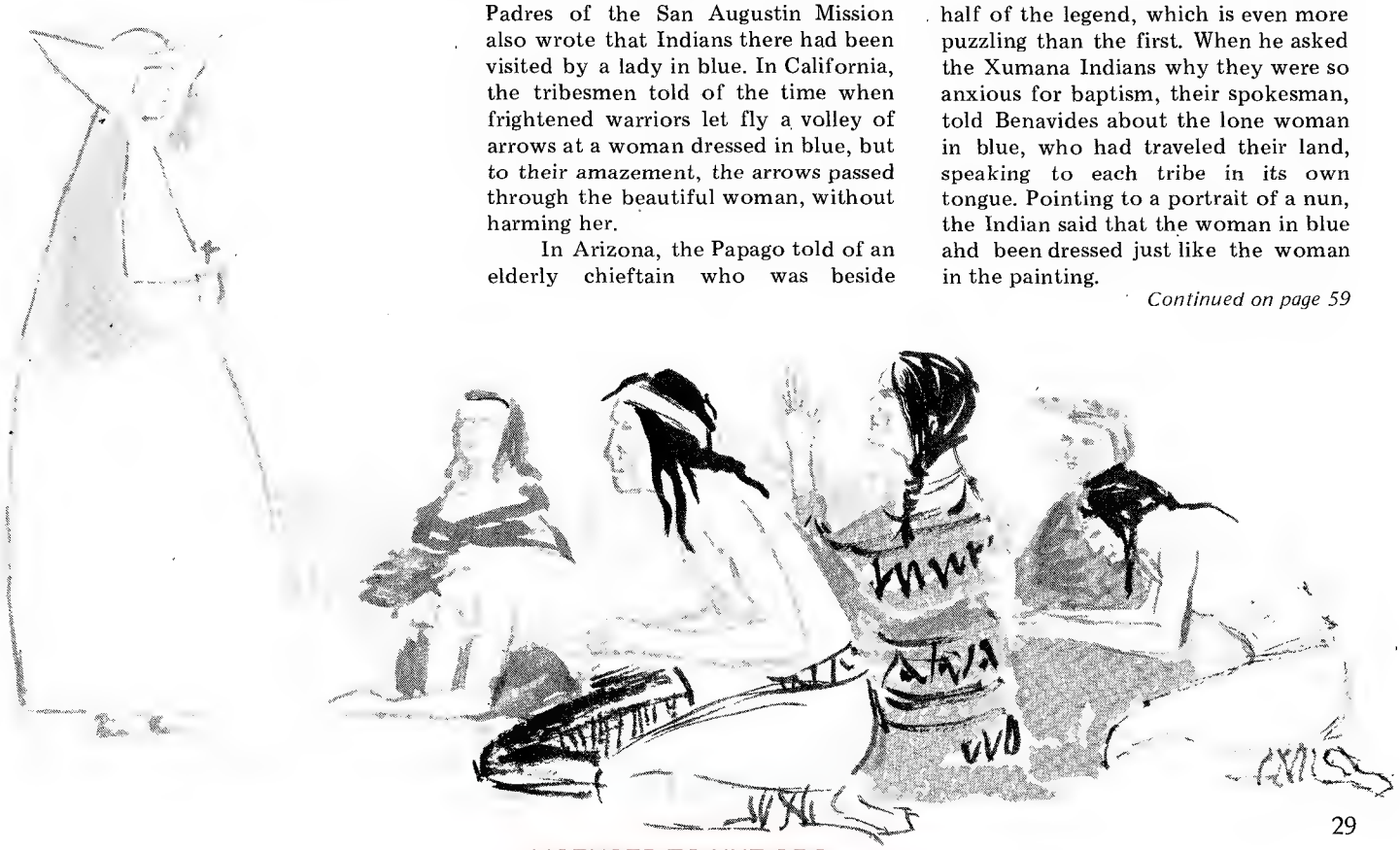

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Seth Kinman--
BEAR HUNTER

HE HAD A KNACK FOR KILLING GRIZZLIES . . . . AND MAKING MR. LINCOLN LAUGH

by Chad L. Hoopes

Table Bluff, near the community of Loleta, overlooks the Pacific Ocean, and here I located Seth Kinmans' grave in an ancient, run-down cemetery. The grave was covered with brush, wild grape and ivy, entangled with wild like Seth's spirit. Seth slept in a country where he enjoyed numerous adventures during his lifetime. He was not a mountain man — the lusty trailbreaker who pushed his way into each succeeding strip of wild country ahead of the settler and frequently left his bones as gruesome landmarks of his failure to survive the rigors of his calling — but a hunter and storyteller. Seth Kinman had set out into the wilderness, not to build an empire, but to hunt and to find some release for his wild "romantic spirit," which had evolved from his contact with nature that developed in him expressions of brutality, viciousness, cunning, and good humor.

Born on the frontier on September 29, 1815, near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, Seth lived in the shadows of the Alleghenies where he explored the haunts of the Indians; here he trapped, fished, and hunted as a renegade white, perhaps more devilish than the Indians living there. He dressed in full backwoods toggery of buckskin that fitted well his tall, straight frame. At fifteen, he appeared a powerful and most formidable looking man who followed his father, James Kinman, to Pekin, Illionis. James Kinman, unlike his son, was an ambitious, speculative man, who secured a favorably located tract of land, laid out a cabin and built a grist mill. Before the business enterprise could operate, Chief Blackhawk and his followers terrorized the new settlers. James Kinman joined the frontier army of militiamen who took the field against the Indians. Seth remained behind to defend his home, to help erect a fort, and to take, "with the other men, his turn standing guard with a long rifle."

Seth always drove himself to work the family grist mill, while his restless, ambitious spirt was "hungry for the fruits of the hunt." Often, Seth and his close campionions, hunted, fished and trapped near the settlement, but game was not plentiful. Every time Seth heard a trapper or a teamster tell stories where the "game was more plentiful" he could not resist leaving his "artificial life." In 1836 Jacob Farnham sought "six or seven good, stout-hearty young men who were good shots with the rifle and good hunters" to accompany him to Oregon and California. But Seth's father needed his son at home and did not speak to Seth of Farnham's expedition.

Seth worked his father's mill until 1839 when his father died. He then sold the mill and purchased a farm. On January 14, 1846, Seth married Anna Maria Sharpless and tried farming, but "the lure of the hunt was still in his blood. He would rather hunt than plow." Game became scarcer; Seth became ill with consumption. Then in 1849 the "California Fever" spread. Unable to control his hunger for the mountains, Seth told his wife:

. . . I am going to California and see if I can't find a more healthy country than this, for if I stay here another year, the chances are you will plant me here. I am going to get out of this misearbly sickly country and make arrangements to start as soon as possible. I hear that California is healthy, with plenty of mountains, good water and lots of game.

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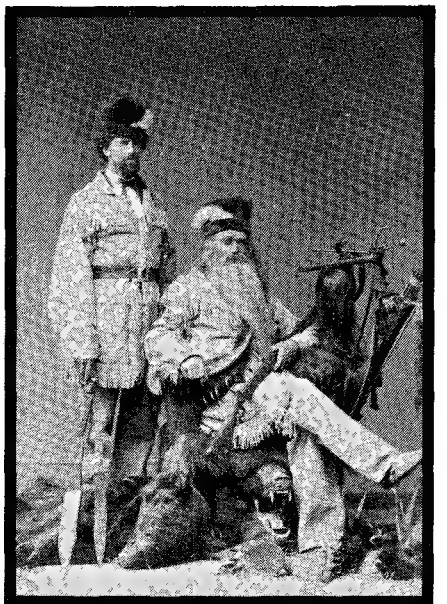

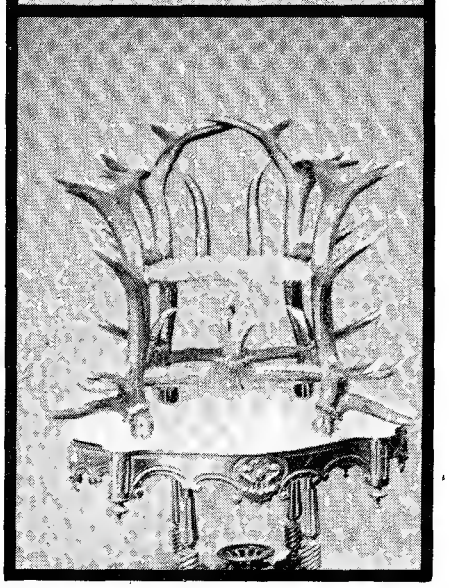

Seth Kinman — he is shown with son Carlin, top left, and several bears, a tomahawk and Indian scalps. At left is an elk horn chair he built and presented to President Lincoln in 1864.

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Pinkerton's Rogue's

A LOOK AT THE FILES OF THE PIONEER DETECTIVE AGENCY OF THE WEST

The opening of the American West was a lawless, rough period that calls for the study of its outlaws to be understood completely. Those who continue those studies owe a great debt to the files of the pioneer detective agency, Pinkerton's, Inc. Still guarded in its New York archives are priceless photos and files on every lawgreaker ever sought by the agency that made enforcement history. Shown here is but a cross-section of some of their colorful rogues.

Pinkerton's, Inc., the world's first private security organization, was founded in Chicago in 1850 by Allan Pinkerton. His brave and dedicated band of agents became the nemisis of train robbers, bank bandits and other thieves in the lawless frontier territories of the West.

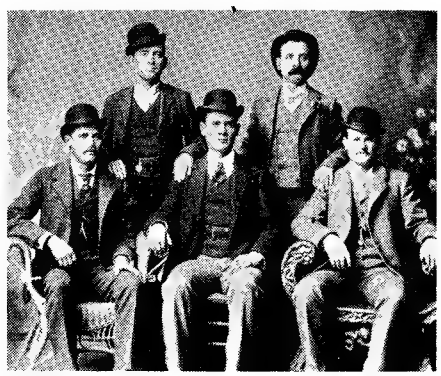
For more than half a century, Pinkerton's was the only investigative force that crossed State borders and operated in all parts of the country in the relentless pursuit of criminals.

Born in Glasgow in 1819, Allan Pinkerton immigrated to Nova Scotia with his bride in 1842, made his way to Chicago and later moved to a Scottish colony in Dundee Ill. He was the first detective in the Chicago police department, later branching out on his own in 1850.

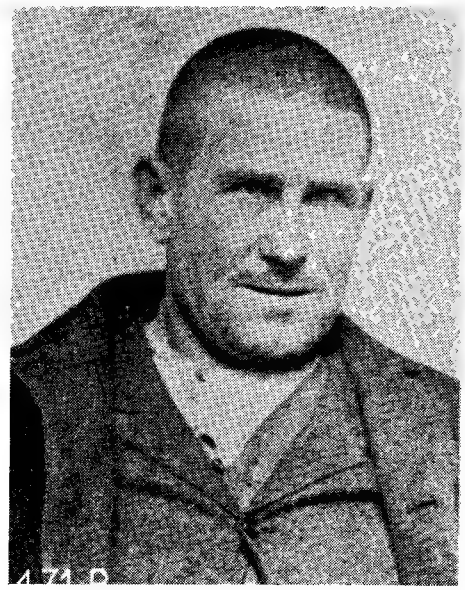
Pinkerton started the private agency with nine men.

One of his early clients was the Illinois Central Railroad, for which abraham Lincoln was counsel and whose vice president was George B. McClellan, so that the bearded young detective knew both these personalities prior to the Civil War. Later he was to avert an assassination attempt upon Lincoln in 1861, to serve under General McClellan on the battlefield and to organize the first Secret Service for duty behind the enemy lines.

The exploits of the Pinkertons in the decades after the Civil War became a byword in the American saga of law and order. The Pinkertons were the scourge of desperadoes, called upon by local, state and federal government agencies in fighting crime.



This respectable looking group of western "businessmen" were the feared Butch Cassidy Bunch. Pinkerton and his men used this formal portrait to track them down. Shown (from left, standing) Wm. Carver, Harvey Logan; (sitting) Harry Longbaugh, Ben Kilpatrick and Cassidy.



A quartet of "losers" from the Pinkerton files are (from left) John Younger, George Curry (alias "Flat Nose George"), Camella Hanks (alias "Deaf Charlie of the Wild Bunch") and a young Frank James. Younger was killed in a shoot-out with Pinkerton agents.

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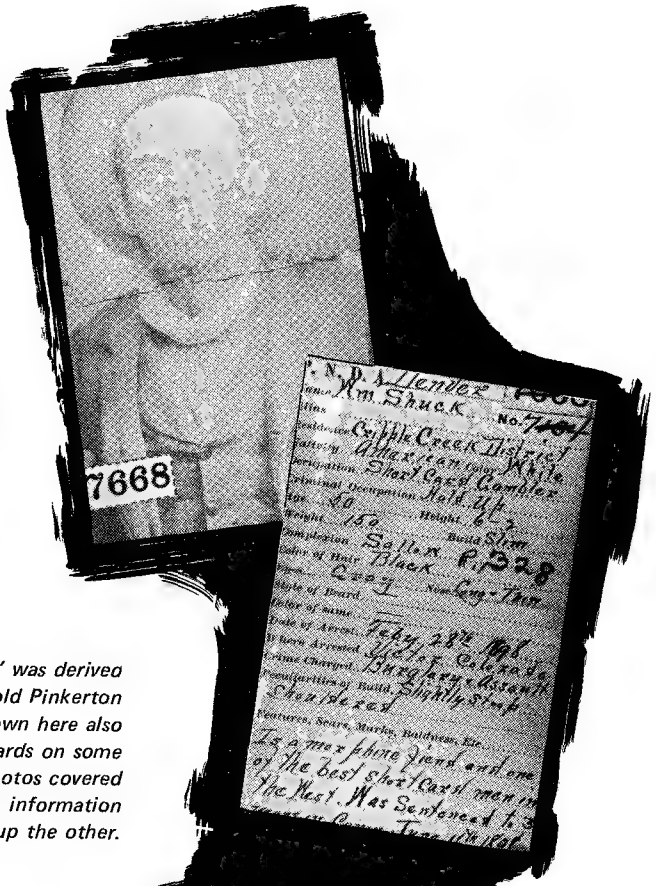
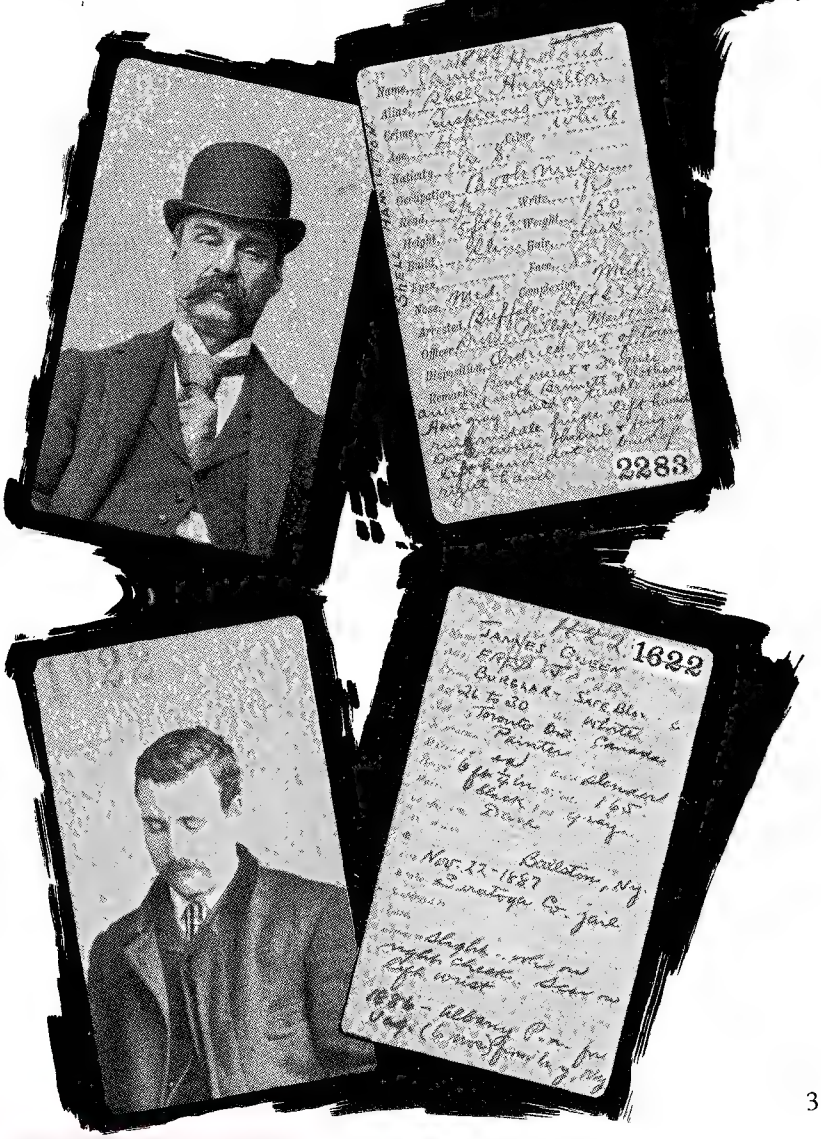
WE NEVER SLEEP

This reputation was well earned and it was enhanced by almost constant exploits that stirred the imagination of the public, as the Pinkertons hunted down such notorious bad men as Jesse James, Sam Bass and the Younger brothers. In more sophisticated pursuits they exposed jewel thieves, forgers and con men, and once recovered a Gainsborough painting that had been stolen from a London gallery.

Though much of the agency's early criminal investigative work has been superseded by the organization and perfection of the FBI and other modern police operations, the Pinkerton investigative service is still a major force in the field of investigation.



The term "private eye" was derived from the famous old Pinkerton trademark (above). Shown here also are the actual file cards on some famous wanted men. Old photos covered one side and hand-written information on the criminal took up the other.



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SCALPED

Thompson's scalp after the attempt to sew it back on his head failed – on display at the Omaha Public Library Museum – photo courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society.

yet still alive!

THE AMAZING TRUE STORY OF WILLIAM J. THOMPSON'S SURVIVAL

by Dallas Williams

William Thompson crawled through the tall grass clutching his own scalp in his left hand. Blood trickled down his face and neck. His right arm was numb. In the darkness he could hear the Union Pacific freight train steaming down the nearby track.

"If only I could flag down the train," he thought. He knew, however, that to try would mean certain death with little chance of even getting close to the train.

All around he could hear the Indians whispering to each other. There was little he could do as the train sped toward the waiting Indians and the two foot break in the rails. Then he heard the thunderous crash as the engine left the track. The tender, two flat cars and three boxcars followed, landing in a twisted heap on top of the engine.

Earlier that August evening in 1867, Thompson, an Englishman working as a telegraph repairman, was loafing around the Plum Creek, Nebraska (now Lexington) state of the Union Pacific. When the telegraph line went dead west of the station about 7:30 p.m., Thompson and five others on the repair crew hurriedly ate supper, then loaded their equipment on a hand car and prepared to leave.

While Thompson and his crew were making ready, miles down the track "Bully" Brooks was being induced to run a 17 car freight west from Grand Island. Brooks, whose real name was Brooks Bowers, was an engineer for the C.B. & Q. at Aurora, Ill. He needed the extra money the run offered so R.J. Wyman, the general foreman for the railroad, had little trouble getting the engineer to agree.

Engineer W.F. Murphy would normally have taken the train but he had just completed a long run from end of track (near Julesburg, Colorado) to Omaha and back to Grand Island. Murphy needed rest so Wyman hired Brooks.

The engineer swung aboard Engine Number 53 and opened up the throttle, leaving Grand Island behind. Several miles behind him came a second train.

Three miles west of Plum Creek a band of Cheyenne (from Turkey Leg's camp) led by Spotted Wolf were waiting by the track. The warriors had placed several railroad ties across the track and cut the telegraph line. In the darkness the Indians listened for an

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Thompson (left) displays his "premature" baldness. From front he appeared normal, but when he bent down his missing scalp couldn't help but be noticed (arrow). Above is Major Frank North who drove the attackers from the train wreckage.

approaching "Iron Horse."

Finally, they heard a rumbling sound, faint at first but growing louder. It was Thompson and the repairmen. Two men pumped the handles of the hand car while the others peered into the twilight attempting to locate the break in the line.

"When we came to it (the break)," said Thompson, "we saw a lot of ties piled on the track but at the same moment Indians jumped up from the grass all around and fired on us."

The six white men grabbed for their guns and fired several shots in return before the car hit the ties and flipped over. Thrown from the car, the six were stunned but came up running. They lost most of their ammunition and several of their rifles in the wreck, but fired as they could. They knew their only chance was a section house three miles distant and attempted to reach it. Samual D. Wallace, night operator at Plum Creek and a member of the party, was able to bring down an Indian with three revolver shots and after two miles the Indians gave up pursuit.

Reaching the section house they counted their losses; Pat Handerhand

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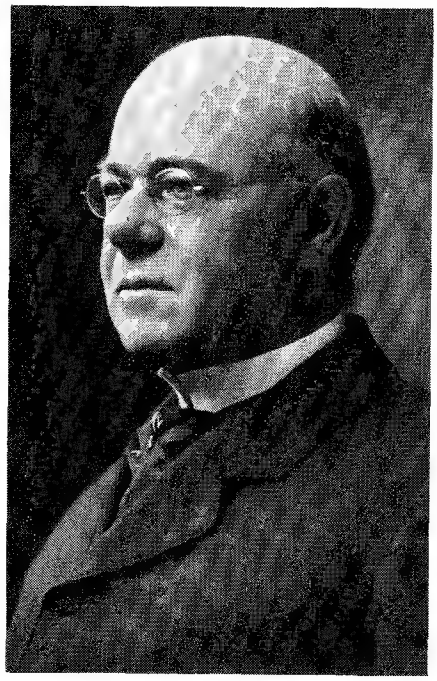

Dr. Richard C. Moore was able to nurse Thompson back to health after he was scalped, but his attempt at reattaching the severed hair proved fruitless.

SCALPED

had been killed, Pat Griswold had been shot through the hip but the wound was not serious, and Thompson was missing and presumed dead.

Thompson, like the others, had left the hand car on the run, chased by an Indian on horseback. Looking over his shoulder, he saw the flash from the Indian's rifle and felt the bullet-treat through his right arm. His stride faultered but still he pressed forward, going in the direction he thought the others had taken. The Indian finally stopped the Englishman by clubbing him with his rifle. The blow sent him sprawling into the dust.

Thompson lay there thinking death was at hand. He was to remember what happened next for the rest of his life.

"He then took out his knife," said Thompson, "stabbed me in the neck, and making a twirl around his fingers with my hair, he commenced sawing and hacking away at my scalp."

The pain was unbearable. The Englishman felt sick and dizzy, but he didn't move or make a sound.

"After what seemed to be half an hour, he gave the last finishing cut to the scalp on my left temple, and as it still hung a little, he gave it a jerk. I just thought then that I could have screamed my life out."

Still Thompson remained quiet even though, he reported later, "It just felt as if the whole head was taken right off."

The Indian tucked his ghastly prize in his belt and mounted his horse. As he started to ride away, the scalp fell to the ground less than two feet from its owner. The Indian failed to notice the loss and Thompson was able to retrieve his scalp.

"The Indians were thick in the vicinity, or I might then have made my escape. While lying down I could hear the Indians moving around whispering to each other, and then shortly after placing obstructions on the track."

With levers the Indians pried up one rail until it stuck nearly two feet in the air. Using telegraph wire they fastened ties to the tracks.

"After tying down about an hour and a half," the Englishman told reporters later, "I heard the low rumbling of the train as it came tearing along, and I might have been able to flag it off had I dared."

Brooks in Number 53 and making 25 miles per hour when the Nick and Morris 440 engine found the gap in the rails. The engine rolled on its side, steam spewing from the ruptured boiler. Fireman Gregory Henshaw was killed out right in the wreck and later scalped by the Indians. They also scalped Brooks and left him alive but mangled in the wreckage.

Inside the caboose, which remained on the track, supernumerary Brakeman Charles Ratcliffe had been asleep on a bench. The impact threw him to the floor. With him were William (Billy) Kinney, conductor; Fred Lewis, brakeman; and a fireman.

The fireman, now knowing Indians had caused the wreck, started toward the engine. He could be heard cursing loudly as he carried a red lantern down the track. He had only gone a few steps when the Indians cut him down.

Realizing now that Indians were responsible for the wreck, the three in the caboose discussed their situation. Kinney finally ordered the brakeman to go down the track and flag down the approaching train, still several miles behind.

"I dare not — the Indians are all around here," replied the brakeman.

"Damn the Indians!" said Kinney. "Go and flag off that train, or by God she'll bang into us!"

Still the brakeman hesitated. Finally Kinney decided to go by himself. He started down the track, the brakeman following minutes later. Ratcliffe elected to stay behind, hiding himself under the caboose until a curious Indian made him change his mind.

Flushed from his hiding place, Ratcliffe crawled away to a safe distance, rose to his feet and ran for his life. Behind he could hear the footsteps of two warriors in pursuit. To the fear stricken brakeman they seemed to be gaining. Looking over his shoulder he thought he could make out the shadows of his pursuers. Now he could see the headlight on the second train — still a mile away.

By this time Kinney had reached the second train. The brakeman who had followed him, however, was not as

The journey's beginning — Plum Creek (now Lexington), Nebraska, where Thompson and the telegraph crew began their trek.

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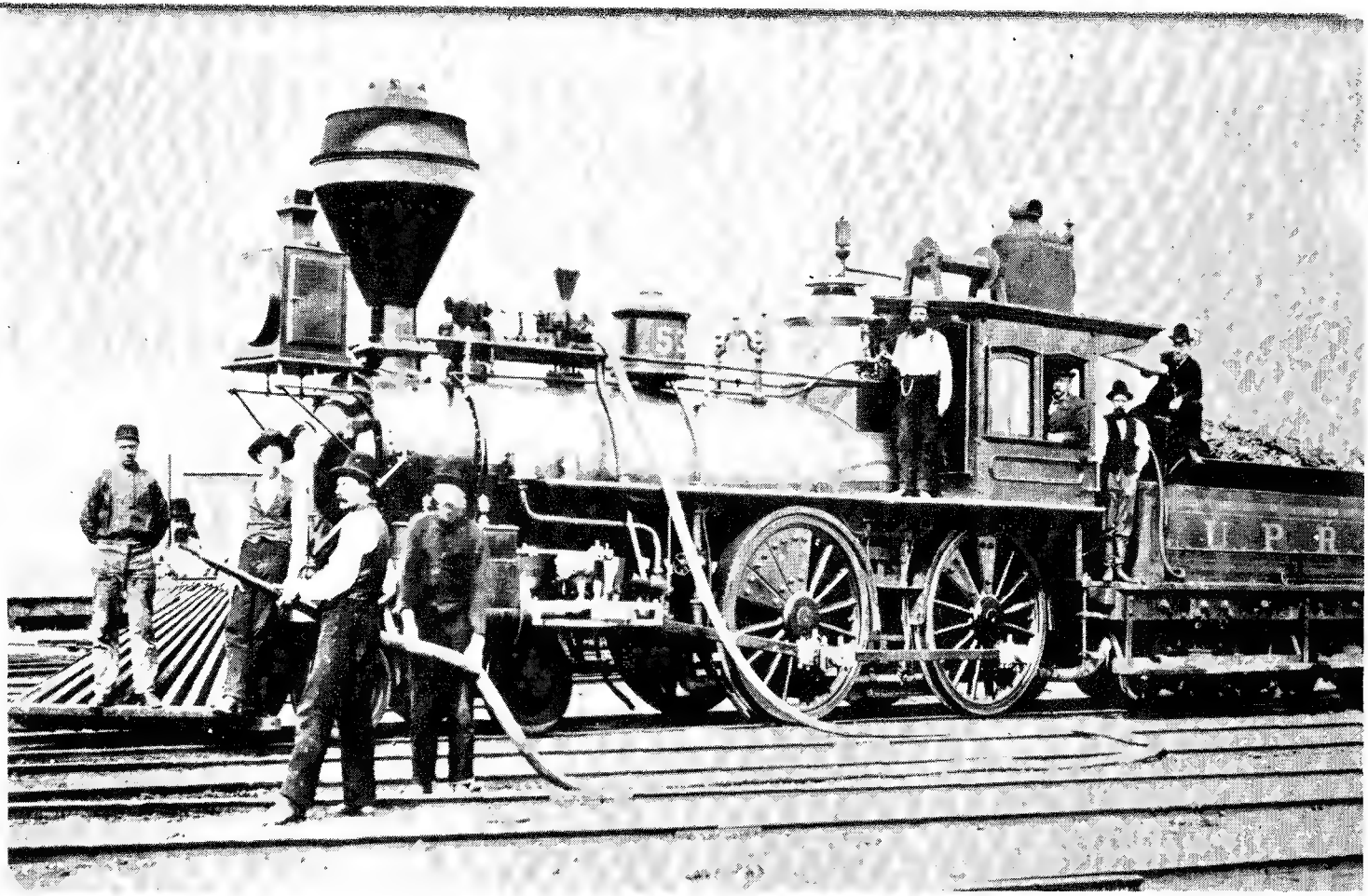

Union Pacific No. 53 was little more than scrap after the Indians were finished. Here a train crew is shown sprucing the engine up after it's return to San Francisco.

lucky. He was jumped and killed by the raiders.

The engineer of the second train, seeing Kinney franatically waving his arms in front of the engine, sounded "Down Brakes" and the train slid to a halt. Quickly Kinney explained the situation.

Ratcliffe, still some distance away, shouted with all his might. They heard his shout and answered. With a final burst of speed, the frightened man reached the train.

All hopped aboard and the train was backed down the track to Plum Creek. From there they telegraphed east for orders and were told to "get out of the way as soon as possible." After loading up most of the people at the station, the train was then backed east 18 miles to Elm Creek and a siding.

At Julesburg, Major Frank North received word of the attack and was ordered to bring a company of his famous Pawnee Scouts to the scene.

From Grand Island, a relief train with armed volunteers was dispatched to the wreck. Engineer W.F. Murphy, who had been replaced by Brooks on the fatal train, was one of the volunteers. Most of the men were armed with "needle guns" and Spencer carbines, but some carried only pitchforks or old sabers.

Arriving the morning after the attack, the rescuers found the prairie littered with plunder. The Indians had started burning the train and a huge column of smoke rose from the twisted wreckage.

"When we got to the wreck in the forenoon," said Murphy, "the Indians were still there. We got pretty close to them before they showed any inclination to pull off."

The rescue crew found Brooks, still alive, hanging from the crumpled cab of the engine. He died shortly after being rescued.

Thompson was found at a section house several miles away. He still had his scalp in his hand.

"It was the most horrible sight we ever looked upon," said one of the recue crew, "and we never wish to look at another such. His (Thompson's) head was covered with blood, which was dried by the sun and prevented the blood from flowing."

The Indians returned in the afternoon to continue their plundering but this time they were met by Major North and his Pawnees, who had arrived shortly before. The Pawnees gave chase to the raiders, killing several and capturing several more. The main body, however, was able to escape.

Two days after the wreck, Thompson, weak from loss of blood and racked with pain, arrived in Omaha. In a pail of water he carried his scalp.

One newspaper reporter described the scalp as "about nine inches in length and four in width, somewhat resembling a drowned rat as it floated, curled up, on the water."

Thompson was taken to the Hamilton House where two doctors tended his wounds. One of the doctors, Richard C. Moore, attempted to reattach the scalp to his head. The operation, however, was not successful. Dr. Moore later reported to the Nebraska State Medical Society that "the scalp was entirely removed from a space measuring nine inches by seven. The denuded surface extended from one inch above the left eyebrow backwards." He also said Thompson suffered "severe neuralgic pains on the right side of the head and face, but in about three months all pain ceased and nearly the entire surface was cicatrized."

Thompson survived all his wounds, returned to England and lived for fifty years with his memory of the American frontier. He made several return visits to Omaha in later years and on one trip presented his scalp to Dr. Moore as a gift. The scalp was later given to the Omaha Public Library Museum, a quiet reminder that on August 6, 1867, the Indians, for the first and last time, successfully attacked and destroyed a railroad train.

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The Spirits of St. Elmo

HERE'S A GHOST TOWN THAT GAVE RISE TO A SHIP, A HOTEL AND A SOFT DRINK

by CY MARTIN

Today St. Elmo on Chalk Creek high in the Colorado Rockies is a haven only for fishermen and campers. But in the 1870's the name meant a great deal to thousands of readers, for it was the title of one of the best selling novels of the times. Who today even remembers the name of the hero, St. Elmo Murry? Hotels, steamships and a soft drink were all named after him.

St. Elmo came into being in the late 1870's. It was located at the junction of five gulches, (Grizzly, Poplar, Pomeroy and the North and South Forks of Chalk Creek). And at the foot of four mountains (Chrysolite, Murphy, Lehigh and Barren). During its boom years it boasted a population of 3000, five log hotels, and even a newspaper — The St. Elmo Mountaineer — besides the many saloons.

It was among the stops of Colorado's famous "Itinerate preacher," Father Dyer, and of Bishop Macheboeuf. These two men of God would preach wherever they could get a group together, often in saloons or gambling houses. On one occasion the Bishop held his services in a bunk house, using a high backed rocking chair for the Bishop's chair. But after the Sl Elmo school was built in 1882, church services were held in the school.

Fire swept two blocks of the city in 1890 and the post office was one of the burning buildings. The postmaster was both a hero and a goat because of the conflagration. He saved the mail — at the expense of the liquor supply. For many long years St. Elmo's post office and general store were run by Tony and Annabell Stark, an eccentric brother and sister. For many more years they were the town's only permanent residents and were quite possessive toward the main street and few buildings scattered around town. If a tourist started to take a picture, Annabell might run out and forbid it!

Yet Annabell Start was the toast of Salida before she moved to St. Elmo, and she had a college education. Her beauty, fashionable clothes, and queenly bearing made her the talk of the town. Her parents were from

St. Elmo still stands, a gaunt reminder of dead mens' dreams. At one time the town was so crowded that in the hotel, a chalk line was used to separate one man's sleeping area from another's. The hitching post cowboys (below) visited there around 1900.

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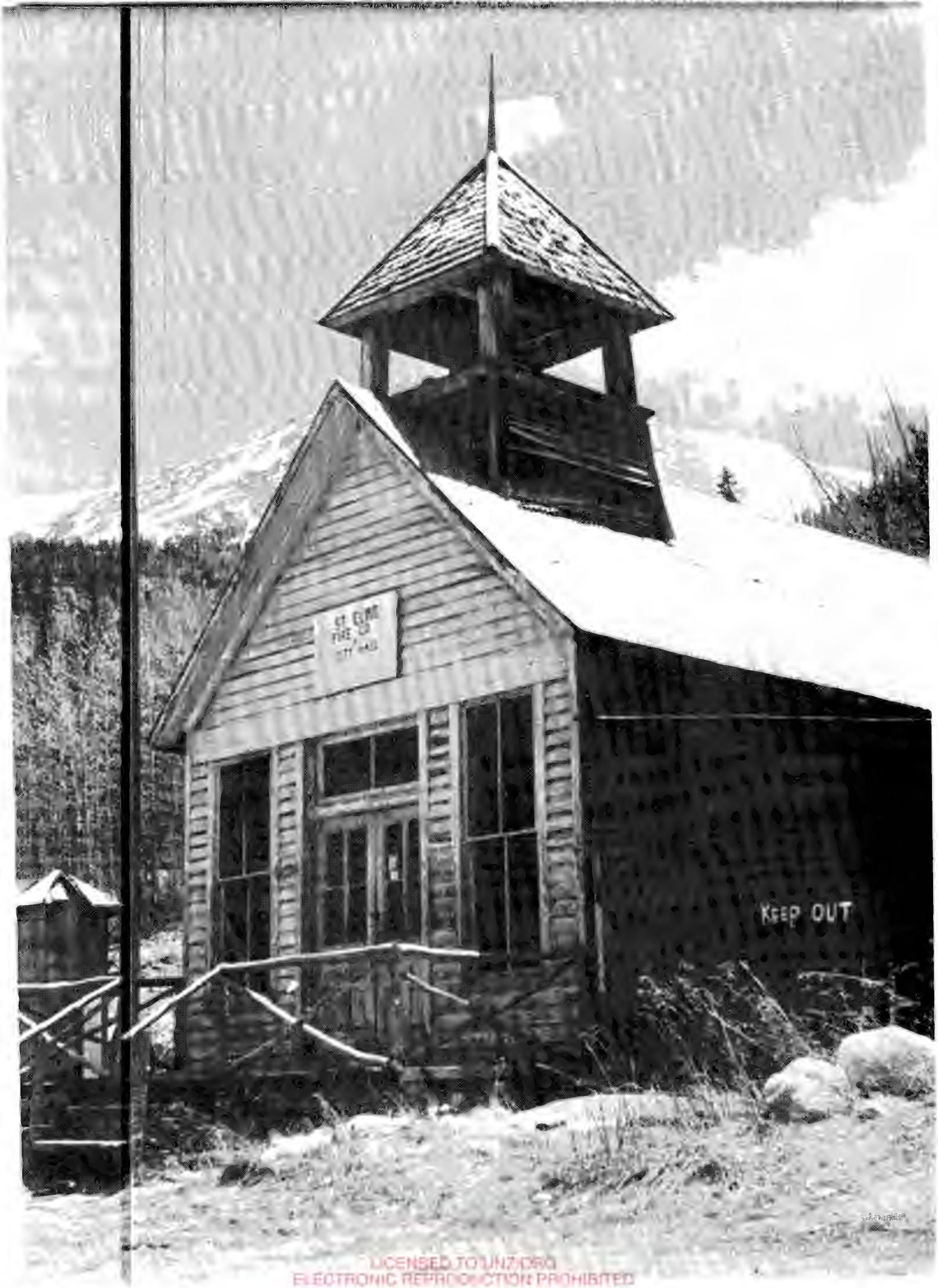

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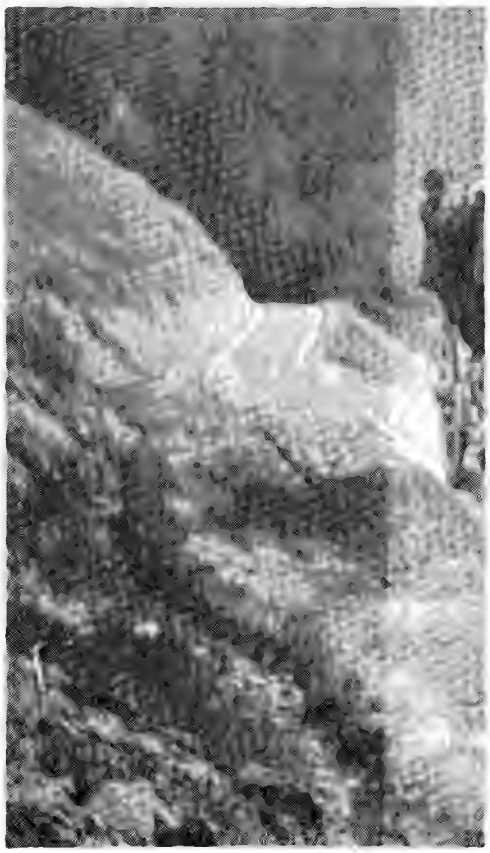

ST. ELMO

White Russia and came to Colorado during a Mennonite migration. When her mother died, Annabell moved to St. Elmo to cook and care for her two brothers, just as her mother had always done.

St. Elmo was a bustling and prosperous city, and as expected, Annabell brought a touch of culture. Her home rapidly became the social center, but Annabell was more than a social butterfly. She was an angle to all those who were down on their luck. She ministered to the sick and feeble and was a heaven-sent inspiration in times of trial.

One winter when the Alpine tunnel was blocked with up to twenty-five feet of snow, she baked bread for the work crews continuously for twelve days, getting a few minutes sleep now and then. That's how Annabell was and it is easy to understand why she was called the "Queen of St. Elmo."

With time, slowly, St. Elmo faded. One by one, or by groups, miners, prospectors and camp followers moved off to greener pastures. One of the brothers died, but Tony Stark and Annabell stayed on. They ran the post office and a grocery store and supply store for the summer tourists. They rented cabins to fishermen. Tony was talkative and each visitor who entered his store was greeted by name and warned to "watch for the street cars." Brother and sister lived here summer and winter down through the years and lived for over a half century in the house next to the family store. Much of the time they were completely isolated from the outside world and most of the time they were alone. Up the last Tony sold a few stamps as postmaster and proudly stamped the post cards, "St. Elmo."

The snows were heavy in 1958 and both were ill. Tony, after all the years, finally asked the outside world for help. Then the authorities discovered Annabell and her brother were suffering of severe malnutrition, although their store was well-stocked with food. They were living in filth and squalor, although bags full of silver dollars were found in their house

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A stagecoach and a rail line provided the way in and out of St. Elmo. Both are long gone. The last inhabitants were Tony and Annabell Stark. At the end of their lives they were discovered by authorities dying of starvation and living in filth, even though they had bags of silver hidden in their house.

adjoining the store. Annabell and Tony Stark, both in their seventies, were sick, confused and incapable of taking care of themselves.

They were taken to the hospital in Salida. Tony died quickly, but Annabell lingered on. The faded ribbon in her hair was a part of her hair. Her once-beautiful mop was cut off to remove the ribbon and filth. The condition of their home in St. Elmo was unbelieveable. One room was filled with firewood — something Annabell and Tony would need during the long winter. Other rooms were piled high with newspapers, including many valuable first editions. Here and there, strewn about, were bones and decayed food, carefully preserved bottle caps and tin cans, articles of clothing, and a bag of money. Somewhere under it all, was the grand piano. The store still remains, its shelves empty and its windows boarded up as a squalid memory of the glory that was St. Elmo.

It was glorious then, just ten years after California's gold rush. Hundreds of prospectors were stirring up the stream beds and picking at the rocks on the eastern side of the Continental Divide. Some of the men were real greenhorns; others were experienced but sadly disappointed miners returning from California. For them every stream and rocky outcropping held a promise of buried treasure.

C. Thomas Ingham, whose book, *Digging Gold Among the Rockies,* is full of first-hand information about the early camps, reached St. Elmo when the camp was new and put up at the only hotel. The proprietor ushered him into a large room filled with rows of cots and drew a chalk line around one then as a partition.

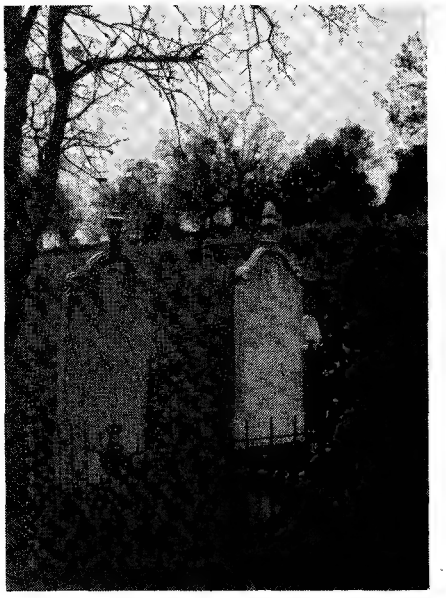
On January 1, 1881, the Chaffee County Times described the town as follows:

St. Elmo, the Child of 1880 in whose busy streets . . . the solitude of a primeval forest reigned one year ago, has grown to be a business and a mining center. It's society is very good for a mining town, many men of the highest standing having located here, and brought their families to stay.

In 1881, St. Elmo was the railhead of the ambitious Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad, which built up Chalk Creek from the Arkansas Valley. The road reached Gunnison, on the western slope of the mountains, in September of 1882, after tunneling through the Continental Divide at Altman Pass above St. Elmo. Alpine Tunnel cost $120,000 and was the first tunnel to be bored through the Continental Divide, and was completed in April 1881. Alpine was 1845 feet long, 12 feet wide and 17 feet high and lined with California redwood. To insure better drainage it was sloped up from both ends to the center where it reached a high point of 11,608 feet. Every mile of construction was a fight against cold, snow, and the massive barriers of rocky mountains.

The completion of the railroad did not end its problems, for the expense of maintenance through this rugged country was a constant drain. In 1889 it was sold to the Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Railway Company, which also lost money on it. Ten years later it was sold to the Colorado and Southern Railroad, but the heyday was passed. In 1910 the last train ran through the Alpine Tunnel above St. Elmo, and in 1926 the last train ran down the length of Chalk Creek. Then the C & S abandoned the road and began tearing up the tracks. Even when St. Elmo was no longer end of track, it continued to be the largest town along Chalk Creek.

Now with Chalk Creek regularly stocked with elusive rainbow trout and the Forest Service campgrounds, the parade of campers brings back the memories of the "fish trains." These did a spectacular business in the 1890's setting out the sportsmen along the canyon. Most of these Isaak Waltons had cabins along the creek. In the morning, all they needed to do was walk up to the right-of-way and flag the engineer.



Lonely gravestones tell the story of St. Elmo — the men and women who built the city are buried on hillsides nearby.

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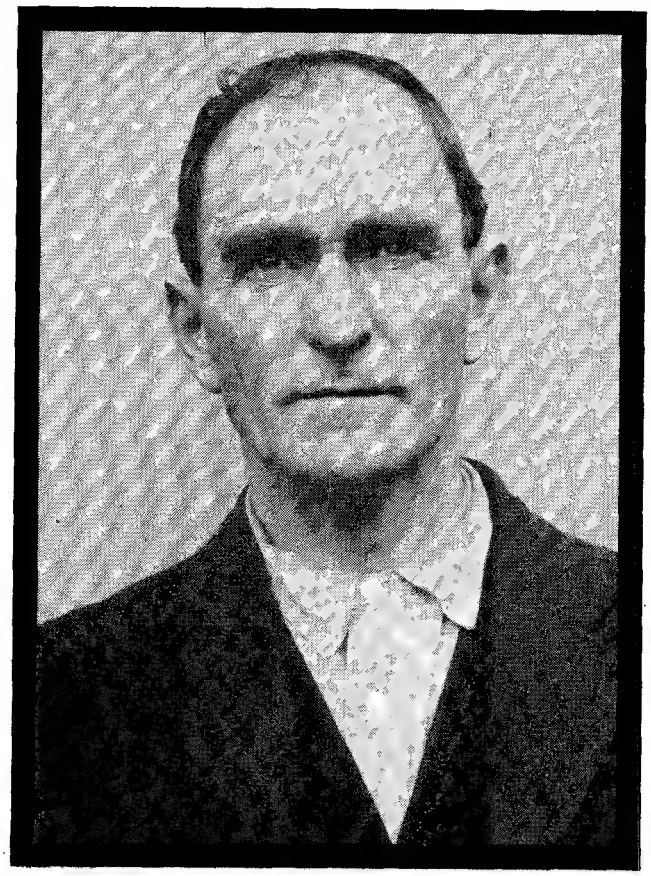


PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR

GOLD COINS FOR THE TAKING

AXTEL AND McGUIRE FOUND RAILROAD "WORK" EASIER THAN DIGGING FOR THE YELLOW STUFF

by Don De Nevi

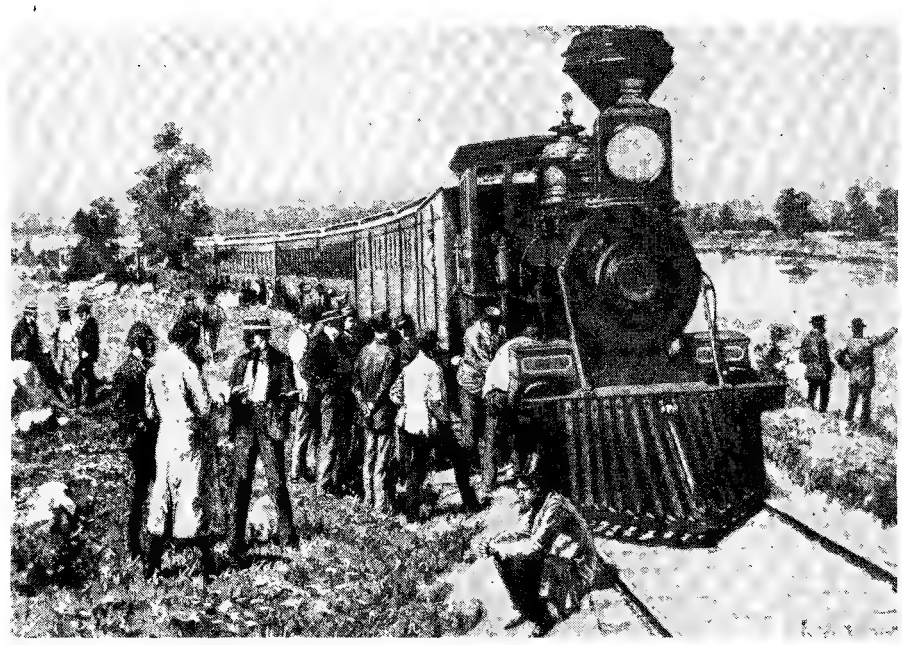
Night had spread its foggy mantle over the San Joaquin. From Marysville to Bakersfield, the Valley was socked in with a cold gray gloom of near zero visibility. It was one of the first fogs of the winter, and John Kelly, the Southern Pacific trackwalker, pumping along on his small velocipede, was anxious to get home near Mikon, about three miles west of Sacramento. It was cold — icy cold, and in spite of his fur-lined jacket, Kelly found himself shivering as he coasted down the track.

Suddenly, he spotted a lamp on a large crate a few feet ahead of him and he cautiously stopped. No one was around and he felt an eerie sensation. At that moment, a big, broad-shouldered fellow in a soft cap stepped out of some bushes and approached him, a rifle slung over his shoulder. From the other side of the track appeared a slender, white-faced youth whose chin was buried in the depths of his coat collar and whose hands were thrust deep into his pockets.

"Howdy, men," Kelly said weakly as he forced himself to smile.

Neither man acknowledged the greeting and the sound of their footsteps on the crushed rock bedding sent a chill to the marrow of his spine.

"Git off!" the tall man finally demanded. With Kelly hesitating, the man unslung his rifle and Kelly



John Kelly (above) — the railroad trackwalker was forced to signal the train to a stop allowing the robbers to sack the express car — they lost much of the gold they stole and it has never been recovered.

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jumped off. As he did so, the other man walked up to him and reached into Kelly's pockets and extracted a small purse containing five dollars. As he did this, the other bandit lifted the velocipede off the tracks and quickly smashed the wheels.

"We're going for a walk," the tall bandit announced as he returned. Forcing Kelly in front of them, they walked down the track about a quarter of a mile. The bandits were well armed, each carrying a Winchester rifle and cartridge belts, in addition to their revolvers. It was nearing 8:00 p.m. on that foggy night in October, 1894 and the eastbound Overland Express was soon due to pass by.

Kelly was handed the lantern and ordered to give stop signals to the engineer when the train approached.

The death car — Sheriff Cunningham of San Joaquin County sits at the spot where Sheriff Bogard sat when he shot and killed outlaw John McQuire (shown left).

About an hour later, the light of the express was seen cautiously coming down the track. Kelly signalled and Engineer Scott brought the train to a stop. Climbing down from the cab, the engineer and fireman inquired what the problem was. At that moment, the two robbers appeared from the bushes with revolvers leveled against them.

Ordering Kelly, Engineer Scott and Fireman Lincoln to precede them, the bandits walked toward the Wells Fargo Express Car. Scott was commanded to instruct the messenger to open the door. When the express

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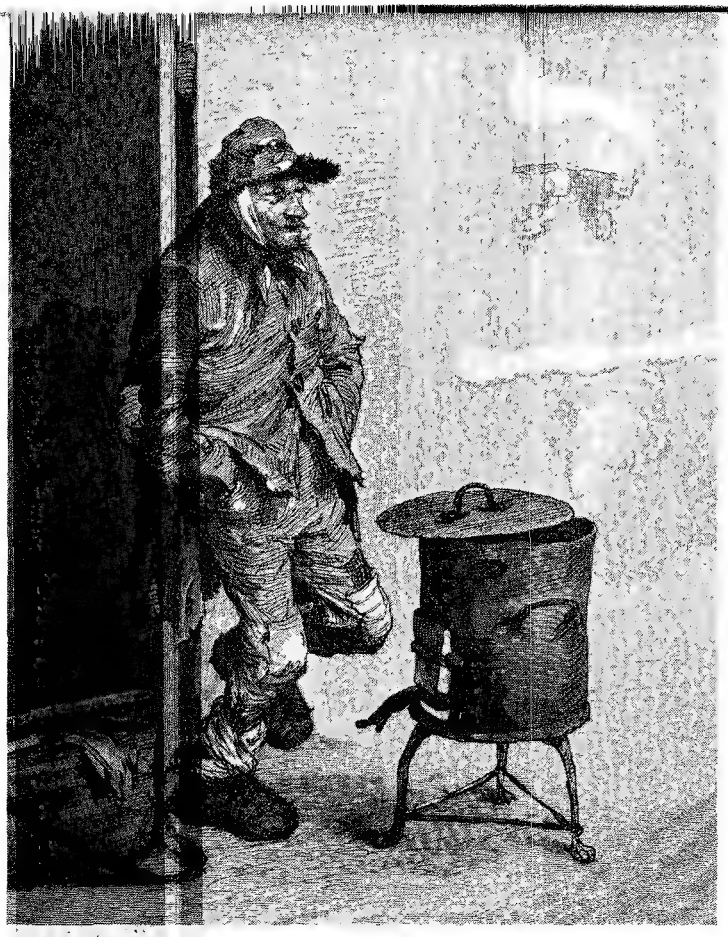

A newspaper etching of "Karl the Tramp," who found the $100,000 lost by the outlaws, and then lost it himself. Below is Judge Hinkson who frowned on Karl's actions.

GOLD COINS

messenger hesitated, one of the bandits shouted the car would be dynamited and the three hostages shot on the spot. The messenger shoved the car door back and raised his hands.

Forcing the train crew to climb into the express car ahead of them, the bandits made a quick search of the car and found four sacks of gold and silver coin in one corner. Scott was then ordered to carry the sacks to the engine cab and the others to remain in the car. The bandits then cut the engine and tender from the rest of the train and forced Scott to slowly move down the track for a few miles where the bandits jumped off and disappeared into the fog.

The Southern Pacific and Wells Fargo Express Company officers as well as Sacramento police were notified of the holdup and although a vigorous search was immediately conducted, no trace of the bandits could be found. Scott, Kelly and Lincoln described the robbers as rather tall, the shorter of the two being close to 5 feet, 9 inches tall. From their actions around the train, both men appeared to have a fair knowledge of railroading. They had been disguised in long, linen dusters and their faces concealed by legs of a pair of woolen drawers with holes cut in them for the eyes and mouth. Both had been cool and systematic during the robbery. The taller bandit had very slim, almost soft white hands. The shorter of the two had a strong Irish brogue. Law enforcement officials quickly decided that the robbers were residents of Sacramento, or nearby settlements. It was believed the bandits buried their loot somewhere in the swampy ground on the Yolo side of the river.

A reward of $10,000 was offered by the Southern Pacific Company for the arrest of the robbers and their recovery of the stolen $50,000.

Six months later, Southern Pacific passenger train No. 3 left Sacramento at midnight and headed east through the broad plain. With the locomotive gaining momentum, Engineer Alvin Brown observed two men with bundles run along the track and climb aboard the head car. Since this was a common occurrence, he paid no further attention to the late arriving passengers. When the train arrived at the east end of the trestle over the American River a few minutes later, Fireman Ralph Cole noticed the same two men now on top of the head car pulling on overcoats. Twenty minutes later, when the locomotive was only a few miles from Swanston, the shipping point for sheepmen, two hooded men walked over the coal tender and covered the engineer and fireman with revolvers.

"Stop the train," the tall masked man shouted and the engine crew slowly complied. The taller robber then asked the shorter man if that was the correct place and on receiving an affirmative answer demanded that unless the train was stopped immediately, the engineer and fireman would be killed instantly. When the train ground to a halt, the shorter bandit ordered the crew to climb down. As Engineer Brown started to leave the cab, he quickly turned the "cut out cock" below the brake valve, thus preventing the robbers from moving the locomotive.

The engineer was ordered off on one side and the fireman on the other side. Ordered to cut the train off at the express car, they could not accomplish it. The bandits then forced them to return to the engine and instructed them to proceed to the outskirts of Ben Ali, where they had cached a box of dynamite. Since Brown had turned the "cut out cock," he could not start the train. He informed the bandits the brakes were stuck. The engineer persuaded the two robbers to return to the express car and learn what the trouble was. As they headed back, Brown turned out the lantern in the engine cab, scrambled down the ladder, and hid in the tall grass nearby watching the action. When the robbers returned to the engine with the fireman, they held a

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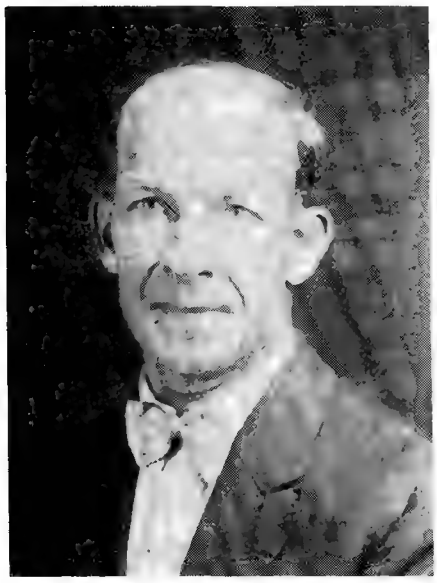

Pullman coaches of Northbound train No. 16 pulled off to a siding for examination by authorities after the robbery. Far left is Sheriff Bogard, killed in the hold-up. Next to him is fireman Nethercott.

short conference. Deciding the train could not be moved, they disappeared into the night without any plunder.

Although posses were immediately formed, no trace of the robbers could be found. But no one questioned who the bandits were. It was obvious by their method of operation that the two were the same men who robbed the overland express at Mikon.

The next appearance of the two daring bandits came six days later at the small station of Castle between Stockton and Lodi, California. The train selected for their next holdup was Train No. 5 upon which there was a considerable shipment of gold. At this period in 1895, the ferry "Solano" used between Port Costa and Benecia was in San Francisco for important repairs and it was necessary to detour all eastbound trains via Tracy and Stockton.

As the locomotive passed slowly over the Calaveras River bridge, a masked man leaped from the bridge onto the coal tender. From there he scrambled into the engine cab and demanded the train stop at Castle. As the train was stopped, a second hooded man waited while the engine crew climbed down and was marched to the express car. The engineer was ordered to call the express messenger to open the car. The messenger slid the door open just enough to fire two shots which missed the bandits, then slammed the door shut. The tall bandit threatened him with being blown up if he didn't get out immmediately. The man waited a moment, then opened the door and jumped out.

The bandits forced the engine crew and messenger on board and then jumped aboard. They made a quick search of the car and discovered the only money and valuables in the car were locked in the big safe. Because they didn't have sufficient dynamite to blow open the safe's door, they once again were unsuccessful in looting the train. However, one of the bandits confiscated the handsome revolver belonging to the express

Continued on page 64

GUNFIGHTS I have known

WAS THERE EVER A FACE TO FACE, ONE ON ONE SHOOT-OUT? NOT IN THIS COWBOY'S MEMORY

by Harry Webb

ILLUSTRATION BY JUSTIN WELLS

Writers of Western stories, and the movies, persist in portraying the early day Marshals and mean hombres with one or two "Hogs-legs" slung low and the tips of their holsters anchored above the knee or knees by buckskin thongs. But, has anyone ever seen a noted killer or even a true photo of one with his holsters tied down? I doubt it.

I'll take that back. I did see one, whose only known monicer was "one-eyed Griff." Possibly his real name was Griffith or Griffin. Makes no difference, except that he wasn't a "killer" such as those depicted although he did kill one man in our town of Steamboat Springs.

One-eyed Griff wasn't a noted killer, he was just downright polecate mean and always wore bucksin pants and two tied-down holsters. But, for his purpose he needed them that way. Good thing he only hit our town twice a year; in early June and the fall. Folks said "Griff must carry his whiskey on his pack-burro because he never takes time to get drunk in one of our saloons."

After unpacking his burro north of town he would mount his buckskin mare bareback. Funny thing about One-eyed Griff. He neer used a bridle, just a long buckskin thong looped around the mare's lower jaw, Injun fashion, and tucked under his left thigh.

Coming into town, his mare running like a hokey-pokied Greyhound, he would be shooting right and left and yelling "Hunt yer holes yuh sonza-bitches!" and everybody hunted their "holes." At the end of our one street he would reload, then empty both guns on the way back. That's when, during one of his forays, a .45 slug went through the

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Post Office door and gut-shot a young fellow whose name, I believe was Morris. His widowed mother and my Mother cared for him until he died two days later. Doctor Kiernan could do nothing as a gut shot was sure death in those days. Years later I was told "Old one-eyed Griff died with his boots off!" meaning, I suppose, naturally, and in bed.

"Three fingered Bob" Hawley ramrodded a Roundup Wagon I worked with in 1906 and being as he, with Charlie Siringo, had worked trail herds north for Chas. Goodnight and Joe Loving and had a personal acquaintance with oodles of early day Marshals and Bad-actors I questioned his regarding the so-called braveness of these characters. Bob was a man of few words but what he said could be taken as Gospel and I managed to drag the following out of him:

"I never saw, or even heard of any of those street shoot-outs between a Lawman and some guy who thought a town wasn't big enough to hold the two. Yes, I knew Doc Holliday pretty well and know his favorite hand gun was a .41 caliber two-barreled Derringer easily hid in his pocket. Of course, if he was about to get in some rumpus he preferred a sawed-off shotgun. Those killers had a lot of respect for a scattergun."

I was interested in these fearless Marshals he had known and got a practical answer: "Does it sound like good sense to go out in the street against some would-be bad man or a drunk, out to get you, and take an even chance on gettin' killed? Not by a jugfull!"

"I've heard stories of such shoot-outs by Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp and a few others but when some tough hit town you know what the average Marshal did? He'd watch his chance, then poke a shotgun around the corner of a building or doorway and tell Mister Badman to reach for the sky. If the guy showed fight and went for his gun he was cut down by a load of buckshot. Oh, a Marshal in those days had to be brave, alright, but they also used a little horse sense, otherwise they wouldn't have lasted long.

"As for these killers, there were plenty of them, alright, but any I knew had to be bolstered by several drinks before going up against a Sheriff or Marshal — or anybody else, for that matter." As for either type wearing their holsters tied down, Bob poo-pooed the practice. "Those fellows were usually upstarts trying to look tough."

Knowing Bob to be strictly a tie-fast roper and seeing he was minus a middle finger I asked the how come of it?

Harry Webb in the editor's office.

"Before coming to the N Bar N in Montana I was a dallie roper," he replied, laughing, "but one day when I tied onto a rip-snortin' critter and threw on my dallies that damn finger somehow tangled in the dallie and off she went slicker'n a gut! See most of you boys here in Wyoming believe in tying fast, too. Learn the hard way like I did?"

"Nigh lost a whole hand before I learned," I told him.

Some day I must tell you about Hawley when he was Montana-bound with a head for a Texas Outfit and his cowboys pulled a "strike" on him when they hid Dodge City.

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MY MOVIE COWBOY DAYS

Continued from page 15

a mob scene on Monday. Came Monday morning and over a thousand eager people of all ages were massed in the huge park inside the gate and as many more clamored outside when Lubin arrived in his Electric Auto.

Old man Chamberlain, the gate tender, Grandon and every Director within hearing distance had the Riot Act shouted at him that day. But that miscalculation of Grandon's and one other half-baked policy brought a semblance of system to the Studio. Every day of the week the park benches had been loaded with hopefuls — mostly young, beautiful girls — whom a pair of Assistant Directors kept coming with promises of "work any day now."

Day after day Lubin had stood by the railing outside his second floor office and let his good eye take in the situation. For a fool, he was a wise, humane fool. Going down he had a fatherly talk with four girls who tearfully admitted to seriously thinking of submitting to the sexual machinations of the two "employers" promise of making them "Movie Stars." Lubin gave each teenager a hundred dollars and advised them to stay home and forget a movie career. The next day two Assistant Directors were conspicuous by their absence.

One day as we cowhands were in Jake May's saloon an employee of the Philadelphia Gas & Electric Co. has plunked his weekly pay of $12.00 on the bar and invited the "house" to help drink it up. But Old Jake, knowing the man had a family, refused his offer and told him why. The man flared up at this and when I sided with Jake the fellow let go a haymaker that sent me among the spitoons and the fight was on.

When two other P.G.&E. employees socked the nearest cowhand, Jake, fearing for his license, chased us into the street where the battle continued.

As we were going at it hammer and tongs a big, handsome stranger in a fur overcoat ran across from the Studio gate, set two fine suitcases down on the run and said, "Is this a private affair, boys, or can I get in it?" But by then our opponents were ready to call it quits.

This personality-plus stranger was as likeable a person as we had ever met and we learned the "Matinee Idol" had been enticed to Lubin's for the "lead" in our Westerners. Mace Greenleaf was his name and he had been the first of Lucy Banning's many husbands. (Lucy Banning, the irresistible daughter of California's famous Bannings' was at that time, through her escapades, rich copy for every newspaper). Fate, however, decreed that Mace Green leaf was never to star in a Lubin Picture. He had arrived with a bad cold which turned into pneumonia and in three days he was dead.

Another celebrity who came to Lubin's to emote in a special Western, only to last little longer than Mace Greenleaf, was Peggy O'Neil, the pixie-faced darling who became the inspiration for the song of that title.

During the closing scenes of the picture she was to have her mount on a gallop as she came out of a barn. Fortunately, the closing scene had already been filmed for Peggy forgot to duck low enough and was all but killed when her head collided with the top of the doorway.

It wasn't until Old Lubin's Opus was ready to be filmed that we learned he had secretly written — of all things — a Biblical scenario and had persuaded Director George Melville to assist him in directing the picture which Lubin said would be "the greatest story every filmed." He was proud of his "Christ Story," as he called it, even though Melville pronounced it "The worst script I ever laid eyes on."

We had been going on "location" filming a cowboy picture and through Smiley's scout had found that this spot was just what Lubin had been looking for; a steep-walled gulch where he could construct an "Ocean." His script had progressed to the scene of "Christ walking on water" so to accomplish this phenomenon a wire was anchored on opposite ledges and some vapor pots and hand-cranked fans used to simulate waves. Later, most studios had "Oceans" right on their lot but even in 1912 a good cameraman could produce some weird scenes. For his Christ Picture Lubin had hired a performer billed as "The Human Fly" who could walk a tight wire or up a brick wall. But this day he had been "imbibing" and an accident had overtaken him and Lubin had rushed over to us so agitated he was beating his head with both fists and cussing in three languages that was as laughable as it was pathetic.

"That damn Christ of mine got drunk and fell off a cliff," he wailed, "and broke his legs! Och! He vill sue me and send me mit the poor house!" If he was sued we never heard about it but we learned he had abandoned his great "brain child."

All spring, carpenters had been building a Western town of logs among the pines at May's Landing, N.J. and on its completion Smiley's Western Co. moved to "Camp Lubin." But, due to two factors, our residence there was short.

First, Billy Lamp's wife was playing the leads in our Westerners but she was even more temperamental than Florence Lawrence. Florence would merely flop down on a "Society" set and beat a tattoo with her head and heels for an hour whereas Mrs. Lamp would fly off the handle at the buzz of a New Jersey mosquito and take the train for Philadelphia. This often tied us up for days until Smiley could coax her back, so picture production was all but nil and Lubin expected all one-reelers to be turned out in a week and every Director better hue to this schedule or he'd hear Lubin's yells of "You're sending me mit the poor house!"

Secondly, when we went to "Camp Lubin" the Editor of the two-sheet May's Landing paper wanted someone to write a weekly column of Camp Lubin news so I volunteered and even though it was "Free Gratis for nothin' without pay or remuneration" I turned out some hot copy. Jack Standing was playing leads and his love scenes with the beautiful Mrs. Lamp didn't set too well with husband Billy. Due to Billy being a poor horseman he had been replaced as the "heavy" by Guy Oliver and Lamp was transferred to the Studio and "Society Pictures" where he was more adaptable.

A month had elapsed and we had two pictures only half finished and Smiley was in Philadelphia waiting for a black eye to clear up on Mrs. Lamp after Billy had hung a fist on it. I didn't "report" such intimate goings on as this and besides I had a "scoop" that beat family fights four ways from the Jack. We cowhands had borrowed a "cat-boat," minus the owner's consent, one day as we came back from a ride and sailed out the inlet and down the Egg Harbor River, and were doing fine until a stiff wind capsized us. Smoky had tossed his new boots down in the "balley" so not only his boots were lost but Smiley came near being out his cowboys as swimming in Angora Chaps wasn't our forte.

I lost no time getting this big news to "My Paper" and the Editor-Publisher thought it so good he said "I'll put this right on the A.P. Wires!" The next morning Lubin was enjoying his morning paper in Atlantic City when the headline "Lubin Cowboys Near Death in Great Egg Harbor River" bounced him to his feet and in ten minutes his chauffeur was breaking all speed records to Camp Lubin. But not finding Smiley among us he headed for Philadelphia.

After waiting two days to hear our fate, we all hopped a train for Philadelphia. Our "fate" was anything but good; Smiley had been fired and the Western Company dissolved! In Jake May's Saloon, where we found Smiley, red-eyed from drinking, I expected him to throttle me, but with an arm around me he hoisted his glass and said, "Everybody drink to Harry's literary efforts!"

Joe was in good humor and more sorry for us than himself. Having, prior to coming to Lubin's, directed "Mrs. Wiggs' Cabbage Patch" for a long New York run he knew he wouldn't long be out of a job. "Old Lubinsky had to pay me a good roll on my contract," he said, "and I'll either hook up with Biograph or Kalem and I'll send for you boys the minute I do."

That was something to look forward to but poor nourishment for those of us who had married and had homes established. Retrieving our belongings at Camp Lubin, and two weeks of no word from Smiley,

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Smokey Warner and his wife of a month left for Wyoming. The Philadelphia "Cowboys" had only to go downtown to their homes.

Then a miracle happened. Lubin's oldest son-in-law, an Italian, who was General Manager and responsible for our grand bustup, had had a final fight with his wife and left for Italy. Now, Lubin promptly installed his youngest's daughter's husband, Ira Lowery, as Manager.

I was ready to pull up stakes and follow Smoky when Lowery sent Wanda Hawley's kid brother to have me come to the office. "We've got some irons in the fire," he said, "to buy the Betzwood Estate from young Freddie Betz who just inherited it and I want you to stick around until the deal is closed. I plan on bigger Westerns than ever up at Betzwood, so all you will have to do until spring is look after those seven horses of ours and go to Miss Bertha on Fridays for your envelope. Oh, yes! Good news! I'm getting Joe Smiley back and our new efficiency man has reorganized the business so we will be turning out some Real Westerns up there."

In May the Betzwood deal was closed and a horse-buyer was on his way from Arizona with one hundred and twenty-five green broncs which I was to break and the Purchasing Agent had ordered as many saddles and other equipment. In reorganizing the business Lowery's "efficiency expert" had obtained professional script writers and a script came in that he and Lubin decided would be the greatest picture ever filmed, a Civil War story titled "The Battle of Shiloh." Their new budget manager placed the cost at the unheard-of figure of a million dollars.

I was installed in one of the many fine houses on the 800 acre estate and given full rein to hire as many cowboys as were needed to break the horses as quiclky as possible as they would be needed for the Cavalry scenes.

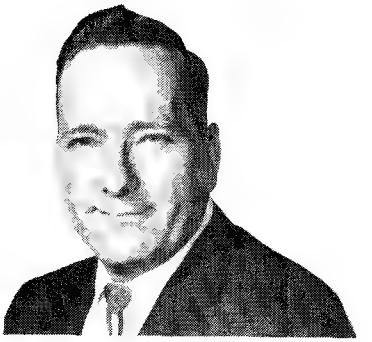
The "efficiency expert" reorganized alright. The "Property Man" had long been short six-shooters, rifles and many items the "cowboys" and others had desired and claimed "lost" during chase and fighting scenes so this hole had to be plugged.

Every gun and metal object, including cameras, were punch-stamped "Stolen from Lubin Picture Co." and the same burned into the new saddles and equipment. "That will stop any theft," Mr. Efficiency proudly said. Perhaps it did. But it also had a disastrous drawback as well.

The second worst flood in Pennsylvania's history was taking houses, stock and humans before it and McCaffery was rushed to the scene by train with his camera and equipment just as Lubin did by fast boat to meet the "Carpathia" after the "Titanic" struck the iceberg. But when McCaffery's paraphernalia was unloaded in a town where everything

Continued on page 52

Sign On Featuring Carl Breihan



GUNS OF THE OUTLAWS

During the course of my many, many years of western research, and during many of my talks pertaining to same, people will ask one question more than others, it seems: "What kind of gun did so-and-so use?" From many notes jotted here and there, many times on the run, I have done up what I believe is an accurate answer to that question in the case of many of our Western subjects. I believe that the readers of WESTERNER will enjoy this information.

JESSE JAMES — Early in his life, Colt's Dragoon Army; at Centralia, Mo., Remington Percussion. At his marriage, two Navy 1851 Colts; personal gun, a Merwin & Hulbert 1876, Army. At his death, Colt's Frontier and Smith & Wesson .45 Calibre, 1873, Army.

FRANK JAMES — At his surrender, Remington 1875, Army, .44-.40 Frontier model.

WILD BILL HICKOK — Killed Dave Tutt with Colt's Dragoon 1848, Army; at McCanles shooting, Colt's 1851, Navy and rife. With Buffalo Bill, two Colt's Frontier, silver-plated, pearl-handled and engraved. Personal, 1876, pair Remington 1875, Army; killed Phil Coe with Williamson Derringer, model 1866. When killed wore Smith & Wesson Model No. 2, .32 calibre, first issue, tipup. Buried with a Sharps rifle, 1852 model.

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN — Killed Jim Bradley with Remington 1861, Army; when captured by Rangers in 1877, Colt's Frontier, 1873. When killed two Colt's Frontier model, 1873, .45's, one white and one black handled.

BILL CARLISLE — .38 calibre Smith & Wesson Perfected.

BILL LONGLEY — Dance .44 calibre, 1863 and Colt's Frontier 1873, Army.

BILLY THE KID — Colt's Frontier 1873, Army and Colt's DA Lightning .38 model, also Winchester rifle.

ANNIE OAKLEY — SA Colt's Bisley Frontier, .44-.40 calibre.

JOHN SLAUGHTER — Colt's Frontier, .44 calibre, pearl handled and shotgun.

KIT CARSON — Single shot Tucker Percussion.

GENERAL CUSTER — At West Point, Colt's Root 1855, .31 calibre, 5 shot, percussion; at Little Big Horn, Smith & Wesson Schofield 1873, Army. Personal, Manhattan .36 calibre, Navy; Yellowstone expedition, Remington Rider rifle.

COLE YOUNGER — At Northfield, Colt's Navy, 1851; personal Colt's Frontier 1873, Army and Smith & Wesson, Schofield, 1873.

CAPTAIN LULL — Killed John Younger with a Smith & Wesson No. 2, SA.

BELLE STARR — About 1887, two Colt's .45 Frontier, ivory handled; in Dallas, 1874, Manhattan .36 calibre.

CALAMITY JANE — Colt's Frontier, .45 calibre, 1873, Army.

HAZE LYON — Colt's 1851, Army, .44 calibre.

HENRY PLUMMER — Colt's 1851, Army, .44 calibre.

GEORGE IVES — Colt's 1851, Navy, .36 calibre.

BIG NOSE GEORGE LATHROP — .41 calibre DA Belgian.

BUTCH CASSIDY — .44 calibre Colt's Frontier, 1873, ivory handled.

JOHNNY RINGO — Two Colt's Frontier, 1873, Army, .45 calibre.

DALLAS STOUDEMIRE — Wore two silver plated Colt's Frontier, .45 calibre, 1873, presented to him by Beneky & Pierce, pioneer hardware men.

BAT MASTERSON — Colt's Frontier, 1873, 7½", silver-plated, pearl-handled, and carved with Mexican eagle, marked "W.B. Masterson."

JUDGE ROY BEAN — Various, usually a Colt's .45 Frontier.

JACQUIN MURIETTA — A 10-shot pinfire, .38 calibre French revolver.

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True WESTERNERS

PHOTOS FROM THE S. LINDMAN COLLECTION

REAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST TOLD BY THOSE WHO WERE THERE

"Dad Got Knocked Out"

by Joanne King
Shawnee-Mission, Kansas

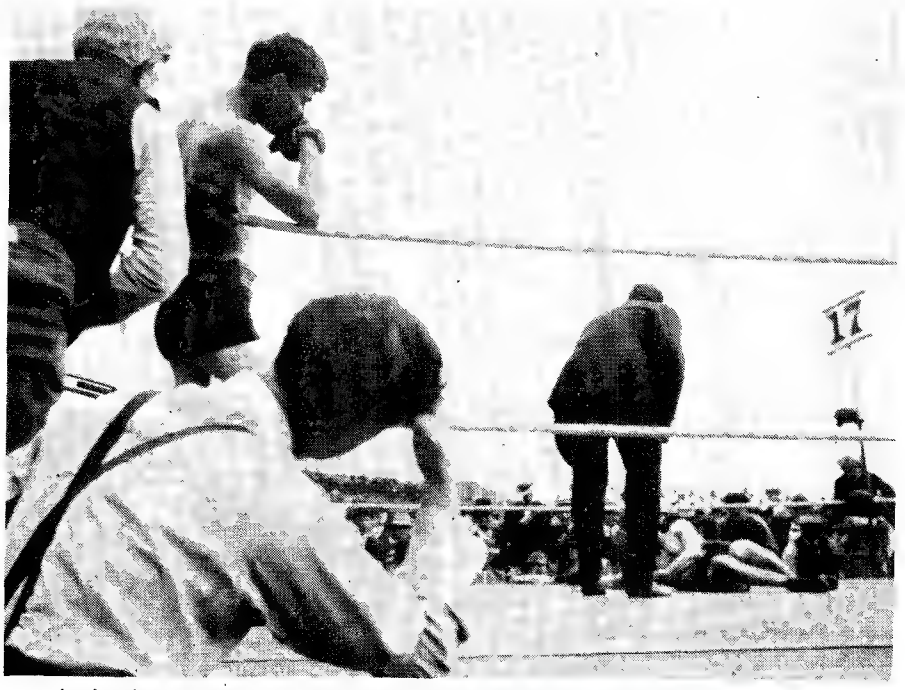
Through the depression years when my sisters and I were school girls, my father was the town heavyweight championship and supplemented his income with the purse from many fights. The fights were held in the saloon and very few women got to see them. Whenever Dad was fighting we girls would get close enough to the saloon that we could hear the crowd noise and we could tell if he was winning or losing. He usually won, but even in winning sometimes he would look worse than most of losers in the boxing matches today. They were very rugged fights.

Dad was a big beautiful specimen of a man and his opponents were all big tough men. When my sister and I were in High School we wanted very much to get in and watch the fights. Then on a fourth of July a black man won a long string of knockouts was brought from back East to fight my father. Dad was 6'4" and 270 lbs. at the time — the other man, 5'11" and 195 lbs. But the other man held sparring sessions in a tent which training for the fight, and his speed and punching power established him as a 3 to 1 favorite in the betting to knock Dad out. We were intrigued by the

The crowds were enthusiatic, often made up of service men on leave from their outfits.

tent and my sisters and I finally got the nerve to go in and watch the other man warm up for the big fight. We were impressed with the battering he was giving his sparring partners, and became determined that somehow we were going to see the big fight. One of the women from the saloon told us she could sneak us in to a spot where we would be up very close. The fight was to be held on the stage and we were to be in a room built underneath. It had an opening near the front of the stage for a "prompter" to set during plays to help an actor if he forgot his lines. The view of the fight would be excellent and at very close range. I was a senior in High School and feeling quite grown, so I just told my mother we were going to see the fight and that we would not be seen in the saloon. Then we found out that mother also wanted very much to see the fight, and so did my grandmother, who looked and acted very young. Neither of them had ever seen Dad fight.

So the day of the fight we went in a back entrance and the saloon girl led us into the room and stayed with us. There was room for all six of us to see, but it got very hot in there and we all were forced to strip down to our underwear. When the men got into the ring, Mother gasped. Even though there were some women present in the crowd besides those of us who had slipped in, Dad was going to fight in just a jock strap. The other man had



In the old days, the round didn't end until one man or the other was knocked down.

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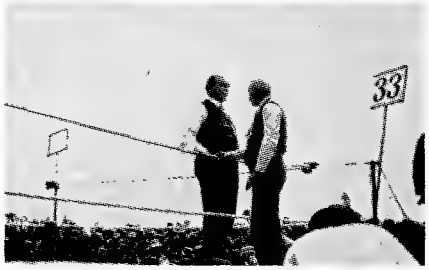

Often a fighter's handler would consult with the referee about his man's ability to come out at the bell. If he didn't answer the bell after one minute, he lost.

on very brief trunks.

I have seen many fights since that one, but it was by far the most exciting of them all. It was a brutal, savage fight — a very bloody fight. The other man got the better of it all the way, and had Dad in the ropes right above us beating him up before he knocked him out. The other man's left jab had cut my father's face to ribbons. He had closed Dad's right eye by the 5th round, at the end both eyes were closed. We all were so nervous we were shaking, and we crossed our legs and squeezed ourselves as we watched.

We were watching my father get whipped, but we were still excited. I have never passed up a chance to see a fight since then. But they really aren't that good any more.

It Only Hurts When I Laugh

John Carroll
Ft. Smith, Arkansas

Bagota Texas, 1961. The grandstands were full. The spectators were looking down on an all steel, freshly painted arena. The July night was hot but the sweat on the cowboys was not all from the heat. Some of it was nervous perspiration. You have to be a cowboy to fully appreciate the noise and smells of a rodeo.

Now at this moment all of my senses were pressed into service with a more demanding situation. I was asserting all of my meager knowledge trying desperately to stay aboard a bull, however that bull's superb knowledge and power won out. Just before the second hand on the timekeeper's watch reached the allotted time of eight seconds, that big black protege of Satan himself placed me squarely, but not too gently, on the ground. Immediately following he placed a well formed but unclean hoof upon my back. My rib cage not being used to supporting fifteen hundred pounds of hoof, hair, and horn, gave way and one of the broken ribs punctured my right lung.

This rib gouging into my lung was the direct cause of that lung collapsing, and the collapsed lung was the reason I was sentenced to fourteen days in the Red River County Hospital in Clarksville, Texas. Half of this time was spent under an oxygen tent with two tubes protruding from my chest and back, draining the fluid out of my lungs.

All of my life I have heard the saying that the Lord takes care of drunks and idiots. I will let you draw your own conclusion as to which of those categories to place me. I am going to contribute my miraculous recovery to the Lord and those great Texas doctors and nurses who gave Him quite a bit of help. To my chemical and physical structure I contribute nothing because this leaves much to be desired. To give you an example; if I was to lay right still out in the wilderness somewhere, the buzzards wouldn't even slow down because I have the look of being already picked over. In fact, to my fellow constituents I am known only as "Tall" or "Long John."

After being released from the hospital I was a "has been" from what some people dramatically call the Suicide Circuit when referring to the great sport of Rodeo. I had no visible means of support, which put me in the category of vagrant.

As luck would have it, whether it was good or bad, I will let you draw your own conclusion on this matter. While I was still recuperating from my unfortunate episode, a friend of mine, who I will refer to henceforth as "Doc," called me from Nebraska and told me he needed two ranch hands and was wondering if I could get somebody and come to work for him. I contacted another friend of mine, who I will refer to henceforth as "Bronco Billy," simply because I don't want to use real names. The reason for this you will understand later on in the story and because "Billy" was, and still is, quite a bronc rider.

Billy and I loaded our meager belongings in my 1953 Chevy pick-up and headed for the great North-West. Upon arriving at our fateful destination, we went directly to work stacking hay. Now in Arkansas we bail hay, but in Nebraska they stack it. One of my jobs was to drive the stacker cart. If you are not familiar with stacking hay, then you don't know what a stacker cart is. I will explain. When a sweep full of hay is brought to the stack, it is loaded onto a lift that is attached to the stacker. Then the sweep is backed off and the man on the stacker cart, which consists of two wheels, a spring seat, and a tongue that two horses are hitched to, drive away from the stacker. This cart is attached to the lift by means of a cable about twenty-five feet long, and a pully rig. When the stacker cart driver pulls away, this causes the lift to take the load of hay up and dump it. There are one or two men on top of the stack to tromp the hay down until the stack is of the desired size. When the stack is finished, they move the stacker to another spot in the meadow and start a new one.

Late one evening the sun had just converted itself from a golden ball of flame to a blood red circumference and was losing its grip on a dark blue satiny sky and sinking slowly behind the deep brown sand hills of the great American desert. (Now wasn't that a purty bit of poetry to be hunted and pecked out of a borrowed typewriter by a second rate "has-been" bull rider and fugitive from the so-called Suicide Circuit?) As I was about to say, I was dozing on the spring seat of the stacker cart. It had been a long day and the horses that were being used hadn't

Concluded on next page

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TRUE WESTERNERS

Continued from page 51

been broke too long. Consequently they wouldn't move out briskly enough to pull the load of hay to the top of the stack. As the day's work progressed, and through my superb knowledge of horse flesh and a buggy whip, I had those horses to where all I had to do was cluck at them and they would lay that load of hay over on the stack just right. My only worry was getting them stopped.

The foreman on this ranch was a Crow Indian from up there in the North-West who had the unusual name of "Tex." I say unusual because I doubt if he ever was in Texas. Tex dearly loved to play practical jokes on people. When he brought a load of hay in and saw me dozing on the stacker cart, he just couldn't pass up the chance to cause a wreck. He loaded his sweep full of hay on the stacker lift as quietly as possible and backed away. He didn't have to worry about waking me because I was dead to the world. When he had backed safely out of the way, he clucked loud enough for the horses to hear. Let me tell you mister, "C" Biscuit of Man O'War could not have held those two horses a light for twenty-five feet. But that steel cable brought that horse race to a sudden stop, which left me about eight to ten feet in the air without benefit of a spring seat under me.

Now Newton's Law of Gravity says that what goes up must come down. Well, through no fault of Tex I am living proof of that, because I came down head first, right behind those bronc's hooves and right in front of the double tree. This, combined with the fact that those horses were brought to a sudden stop after a twenty-five-foot race, set those broncs to kicking and squealing. This, in turn, put me to kicking and squealing. The horses kicking and squealing and my kicking and squealing managed to dislodge me from my predicament.

When I came out from under there with my shirt torn off and the bark knocked off me in a considerable amount, I was one mad feller. Looking around for someone to vent my wrath on, I spied the North-Western Indian named Tex grinning at me. Well, right then and there I went to chuckling and grinning right along with him. You see I had heard tales about this Indian's physical powers. There was the tale they told about Tex and some feller having a minor disagreement and Tex durn near beat the man to death with a platform rocker. Now you have seen cowboys in the movies hit one another over the head with chairs that fly all to pieces, but there is quite a bit of difference in those break-away chairs and a platform rocker. That rocker outweighs those break-away chairs about fifty pounds and it don't give much.

MY MOVIE COWBOY DAYS

Continued from page 49

was rolling through on the flood's crest the town cop spied the "Stolen" imprint on the camera and tripod and "Mac" was protestingly hustled to the hoosegow until the law got in touch with the Studio. By the time this was cleared up the flood was over and not a scene had been captured. Lowery was in the Dog House and the efficiency expert out of a lucrative job.

I was fortunate in getting two good bronc riders. George Steele, a Montana cowhand, just returned from Mexico (where dozens of "gringoes" had been hired by its President to fight Pancho Villa's Insurectionists) and Jack Wright a show bronc rider. Bill Arthur, who had been with Smiley's company, talked me into letting him try bronc busting though he had never been on a bronc.

We four started in on that herd of horses and were well along when Lowery asked me to break twenty head or so to fall in Cavalry charges. This was a tough assignment but in thirty days I had twenty five horses that would tumble at the touch of a boot in their shoulder while running, although other movie makers accomplished such falls with long, anchored wires fastened to the horse's ankle. Even today it gripes me to see movie cowboys yank their mount's heads back against their sides and all too obviously throw them sideways.

Joe Smiley had returned as head Director, and with Ralph Ince and Edgar Jones as co-directors as well as playing the leads as Southern and Northern Generals respectively, we were all set to make the first great War Picture.

Five thousand dollar a day Slavs were "borrowed" from the coal mining companies at five dollars a day each and with this mob bunched before him Ince said, "Any fifty of you men who can ride a horse please step forward." About half those Slavs stepped "forward" but finally fifty were dubiously selected as Cavalrymen."

The next day different arrangements were made. Smiley had gotten the State Constabulary, under Captain Gus Janeway, and had them double as cavalrymen.

That scene of horse soldiers, infantry, and "wooden" cannon going off to war was a beautiful sight and by camera trickery it looked like an army of fifty thousand. One battle scene, however, was both laughable and tragic.

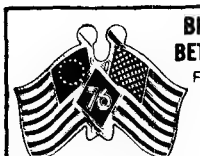
Only a few Slavs understood English and when all was ready (this scene was taken with the mountain, where George Washington once wintered at Valley Force, in the background) the South's soldiers were placed on the south side of a ravine and the Northerners on the north side. Smoke pots simulating cannon fire, were placed in a long buckthorn hedge and when the battle by infantrymen (followed by us Cavalrymen who had our horses "shot" from under us) reached the hedge the "Grays" were to retreat back up the slope.

But it didn't work out that way. Those Slavs thought it was for real and came through that pall of smoke bayoneting the Blues and the scene was a wrong-sided route with many Blues being wounded before they could flee the crazy horde and Directors' shouts stopped the carnage. "We no whipped," a Slav spokesman said. "We lick them bastards any place you say!" Since every scene was being filmed according to History that episode had to be reshot the following day. The Constabulary's caissons and cannon naturally had to be hidden behind brush but Gus said "We'll fix those birds today. The concussion of these four-inch shells will knock 'em down like tenpins!" And it did.

Our Directors were fit to be tied as the budget was also being shot to hell. Then, to compound their troubles, one scene called for a battle from both sides of the river and with six thousand men stationed in position Smiley ordered the rifles distributed. However, John Keenan, in charge of the rifle-ammunition trucks, had forgotten to bring the rifles. This meant another batch of wages up the stack without any smoke.

The following day we were assembled at the spot ready to distribute arms when it was discovered the "impossible" had happened! Somehow, Keenan had sent the ammunition truck to the wrong location. At this, Ince (since it was his big chance as Director-Actor) sat on a rock in the middle of the river and cried like a baby while Smiley and Jones took turns cussing Keenan.

Despite all these delays three cameramen had cranked out thousands of feet of good film when the Directors were confronted by a puzzling question. "General Sheridan" Jones' Orderly was opening a jar of food (purloined in his sweep through the "South") when the question arose as to whether a "Mason Jar.' had been



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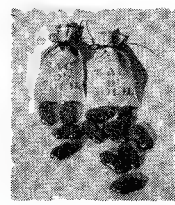

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invented by that period. So the Army was at another standstill until Smiley hightailed it to Philadelphia and consulted every Historian and History book he could find.

The only scene I was prominent in was as a "Dispatch Carrier" and a "Sniper," lying on the roof of an old tobacco barn, shot me off my running horse. One of the broncs I had named "Babe" was a natural clown and would rather lie down than stay on his feet so I had taught him to take a canteen in his mouth to a water trough, submerge it and bring it to me.

On learning of this Smiley inserted a special scene for me in the script. As I lay "mortally wounded" by the sniper's bullet I, of course, had drawn my revolver and tumbled the sniper off his perch. My mount had stopped, turned and lay down beside me until I crawled belly down across the saddle and was whisked to my General's tent — "dead," but with the important message. Yet this emotional scene later turned into howls of laughter. Where the camera picked up my rear end it was discovered that my pants and drawers had been torn, showing bare skin.

The "Battle of Shiloh" was two months in the making and cost a million and a half dollars; mere "chicken feed" by today's standards. When this stupendous picture was ready for release every member of the Studio assembled in the Studio's hundred-seat theatre to marvel at the production. Lubin had Thomas Edison and several Foreign Distributors there as his special guests and Edison gave a short speech in which he spoke of his many lawsuits against "this genius who, only for my lawsuits perhaps might never invented the finest Motion Picture Camera the world has ever seen. His camera and clear pictures (Lubin's trademark was "Clear as a Bell") have now set a pattern of perfection for us all to follow."

As reel followed reel Lubin's applause was the loudest. There were many emotional scenes but the high light of all was where brother killed brother and fathers fought sons: When a lull in the fighting came, ragged and hungry soldiers would share their rations and tobacco with their enemy. It was during a terrific battle scene that Lubin suddenly shouted "Hold mit it!" and the screen went black. His projectors had a patented shutter that closed, preventing the film from burning in two as Edison projectors did. "Back it up" Lubin yelled and as the film was reversed Smiley groaned, "God Almighty! How did that damn thing get in there?" That "damn thing" was about a foot of the front of Edgar Jones' automobile showing through the smoke from behind a bush! Someone laughed, but not the Directors and cutting staff. They knew they would be hearing howls of "You're sending me mit the poorhouse!" for days to come. I never saw the repaired film after its release but, with all the smoke guess the auto was easily eliminated.

Another serious picture we made at Betzwood with hilarious overtones, was a caravan of California-bound goldseekers and we had reached the Desert in dire circumstances, showing carcasses of our "starved" stock lying about.

Our "desert" was a two hundred acre newly-plowed corn field where tons of lime fertilizer had been spread and with an imitation bush here and there we had an ominous looking desert. An artist crew had painted a long snow-capped Range and with this peeking over the horizon we were to be goading our teams toward this Mecca of food and water fifty miles away.

Yoked to my conestoga were six overly-fat calico and buckskin oxen which the Purchasing Agent had bought down in Delaware. With a Jersey cow tied behind the wagon and all our "families" perched on their high seats we were ready to roll. Two cameras would catch the long string of wagons from different angles.

I, "ragged and weary," was plodding alongside my oxen when a footman, just ahead, flushed a "planted" rabbit from a "planted" bush. His blunderbuss not only downed the rabbit but the explosion stampeded my oxen and as I ran panting "Whoa, Buck! Whoa, Paint!" the conestoga's wheels were throwing a wide circle of dust. The Jersey was being dragged on her side and my "family" was screaming at me to "stop those silly, bellowing cows!"

As the runaway disappeared over the horizon a whiskered Jayhawker with a perverted sense of humor yelled "California here we come!" Fortunately no one was killed but before those oxen left the conestoga wrapped around a stone gate-post the cameras had recorded some exciting footage.

I worked in but two pictures after that and although the first one was a comedy the leading man, Billy Lewis and I furnished some hilarity not in the script.

One day Director Hotaling borrowed us cowboys for a comedy he was filming of a "Wild Man" who had "escaped from his circus cage" and there being a big reward for his capture all of us "farmers" were on the hunt for him. Twice we had found him in a forest but he had eluded us by "leaping" to the tops of tall trees. For these scenes the film was cranked in reverse and the Wild Man would jump backwards from a tree. When this was shown his "leap" beat anything Tarzan ever did in later years.

My next and final role in a Lubin Picture was not only for free but I didn't even appear in it. Bill Arthur and I had just quit Lubin's (to go on a thirteen weeks Vaudeville engagement for the "Slick Booking Agency" doing a roping act) and I was waiting at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Betzwood when Smiley hailed me from a nearby outdoor "Set" where he was filming a shootout between the "Sheriff" and the "Outlaw" who had barricaded himself behind a trunk in a "hotel room."

Smiley, wanted some realism, said "Here, take this six-shooter and when you see splinters fly off that door you shoot back, but shoot a little high." Joe didn't trust the "Sheriff" to do the meticulous shooting the scene called for. One camera showed the Outlaw crouched and shooting over a trunk as my shots sent wood splinters flying over his head, while a second camera caught the Outlaw's leaden damage on my side.

I had put four .45 slugs through the door when a cry from the other side fetched me running. The Outlaw lay on the floor yelling "I'm shot, I'm shot!" His head and face were blanketed with blood and my first thought was that a bullet had ricocheted and struck him in the head! Fortunately it wasn't quite that bad. My last shot had smashed a heavy mirror and a foot chunk of thick glass had dropped six feet and near scalped the "Outlaw."

"Did you get that scene, Mac?" Smiley asked.

"I sure as hell did," McCaffery replied. "That's our punch scene. Now we're making pictures an audience will remember overnight."

Since we have recorded more of the ridiculous than the sublime perhaps the reader will get the impression every Lubin Picture was a silly failure. Far from it. Once good writers invaded the field Lubin's nine Directors, including Joe Smiley, were turning out pictures that would wring tears from a rhinoceros and were breaking box office records around the world.

Yes, I could now lay claim to being a "Movie Actor" even though in most scenes my back was more prominent than my face. But I was at least seen. Now, in my last "great scene" Fate would have me a sharp-shooter, yet as invisibile as the Pennsylvania air, which seemed a poor climax to my movie career, as the next day Bill Arthur and I were off on our new adventure and four months later I was back in Wyoming where fantasy was replaced by good old Reality.

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GHOST SHOOT-OUT

Continued from page 17

The figure marched up the street toward Aldo who catching sightof him and in an apparently crazed state, blazed away. All three men said it was incredible that none of the bullets hit the stranger.

He marched up to within twenty feet of Aldo, slowly drew his Colt and fired once hitting Aldo just below the heart. The man immediately slumped to the ground and lay still.

At that moment Brice appeared from the hotel waving and smiling. The stranger, whose face none of the men could accurately describe, turned and without saying a word fired another shot. It caught Brice in the neck and he fell hard on the ground. It was at this point that Napers, Levitt and Nagle cut and ran. Each in his own way made for the horses, got to them and rode back as fast as he could. Nagle and Napers arrived within an hour of each other, Levitt the next day. Each said they had left without looking back and didn't know what happened to Aldo or the stranger.

Sheriff Bingham concluded that it was a simple case of treasure greed. In his account, the stranger probably rode into town just as the men discovered the coins and had witnessed the original shooting. Deciding that if he shot Aldo, he could probably get the money all for himself, he had chanced walking close enough for a sure shot. The sheriff reasoned that killing Brice was probably something the stranger hadn't counted on, but had to do it once Aldo was hit. Undoubtedly the man had dragged the bodies into the desert and buried them and then had ridden out with the gold coins.

Neither Napers, Nagle or Levitt agreed. They said no man could have withstood the half dozen shots Aldo pumped at the stranger, some at near point blank range. They said he was more an apparition than a man and all expressed an uncanny fear of him personally. Besides, they pointed out, the stranger appeared at the end of the street, far away from where the coins had been discovered and, they all testified, it would have been impossible for anyone to ride in, dismount and observe them in the quiet desert air without at least one of them knowing.

After an initial inquiry, the three men were released and according to the report in the Los Angeles News, from which the information for this story is drawn, they headed back east. Skidoo remained alone with just its ghosts to guard its crumbling walls.

BUTCH CASSIDY

Continued from page 19

along, Butch showed me how to lead a horse without getting kicked, or how to hold a rope properly to make a throw and a dozen other things.

"When we go to the rim of Brown's Park, Butch stopped and said, 'Kid, there's another thing you are gonna have to know if you follow us very long.' Butch then turned his horse towards where the North Star would be and he showed me exactly where I would have to go to find Jackson's Hole; then spinning his horse around, he said, 'This way is Hole-in-the-Wall,' and again, spinning around, 'This way to Brown's Park, this way to Robbers Roost, and this way will take you to our winter range over in the Ruby Mountains of Nevada. You learn those directions, Kid, and don't forget them.' At the time, I wondered why.

"Things went along pretty smoothly until one day one of the bunch, a man named Clifford Norten, decided to show me what a good shot he was. He had me hold a cigarette between my fingers while he shot the end of it off. The bullet came too close and ripped the entire end of my finger off. Blood was running all over the place and Butch came along and dipped my hand down in the sugar sack and that stopped the flow of blood for a time, and then he wrapped it up. It hurt like hell, but I tried hard not to show it.

"That afternoon we all rode to Rock Springs, Wyoming. The men drove a herd of horses with them and they wanted to see the town, having been out in the hills for a long time. Butch and Sundance took me with them up to a big frame house on the south side of Rock Springs and knocked on the door. A woman answered the door and when she seen me, she turned to Butch and said, 'You can't bring a kid into a place like this!' Butch said, 'He's hurt,' and rushed me right on in.

"Butch made me lay down on the couch because he could see I was kind of white and sick. Of course, I wasn't so young and naive that I didn't know I was in a house of prostitution, but right then, I didn't think about it or care very much.

"Pretty soon, out of a back room through some curtains, came the prettiest lady I had ever seen. When she seen me on the couch, she came over and took a look at my sore hand and turned towards Butch and Sundance and said, 'Which one of you brave men did this little deed?'

"The lady — who I later learned was Etta Place — told me to wait a minute, and she went back into the room and tossed a shawl across her shoulders and then came back and told me to go with her, and I did. We went down town and into a doctor's place and he fixed up the finger and she paid him for it. When I protested that I didn't have any money, she just smiled and said not to worry about it.

"It didn't take long for me to see that Etta Place was the business head for Butch and Sundance; she even kept books on their expenditures and profits and knew where every penny was spent.

"I've got to say right now that, although Etta was living in that 'house,' she was certainly not 'working' there and I don't think she was the type, either. She was a beautiful, grand lady in every respect, and I'll never forget her kindness to me as a boy.

"I soon learned that Butch and Sundance were operating a snug business of rustling high-grade work horses — mostly Percherons — and driving them north to the wheat fields of Washington and Oregon. Sundance was in charge of most of this, however, and I never went along with him but stayed behind with Butch. Butch didn't appear to want to become involved openly in these dealings and I had the feeling that he was trying to break loose from the reputation he had gained as an outlaw.

"Speaking of hanging, I had occasion to witness one while riding with Butch and Sundance. One of the men, Dave Lant, had sold some of the rustled horses in Washington and had spent all of the money on a woman in one of the towns and had come back empty-handed.

"Lant came riding in in a pretty sad way. He hadn't had any tobacco for most of the trip and he went around begging some from some of the men. Neither Butch nor Sundance were in camp when Lant rode in, and he came over to me and said, 'Where's Butch?' I told him Butch was over in Brown's Park. He said, 'Gawd, I'vegot to get to Butch before Sundance finds me. If I just get to Butch, he will understand, but Sundance will kill me, I know it!'

"He was right. Sundance came up just about then and they argued — long and hard. Finally Sundance got out his rope and put it around Lant's neck and strung him up kicking and bawling to a cottonwood tree. He is buried there, at Bridger Bottom on the Green River (now under the waters of Flaming Gorge Reservoir).

"Butch and Sundance had been in South America until they brought Etta Place back to the States for an

Continued on page 56

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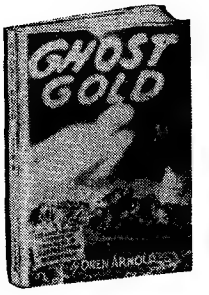

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BUTCH CASSIDY

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operation. They were here in September, 1908 when I went to work for them, gingling horses. In 1909, I got mixed up in the sheep and cattle range war on the border of Utah and Wyoming, and I, too, was nearly hanged, until Willard Schofield came along and cut the rope and backed down more than twenty men — it took more guts than I have ever seen, and he saved my life (Willard Schofield was the author's grandfather).

"Butch and the Kid returned to South America that year and everybody heard that they were killed there at San Vicente, Bolivia that same year. They left Etta in a white frame house they had rented for her on the south side of Rock Springs, Wyoming.

"Because of my scrape, I was rushed out of the Henry's Fork country the same year, and I joined the Miller Brothers 101 Wild West Show.

"While riding in this show at the San Francisco World's Exposition in 1915, I had just made a spectacular ride on a bucking steer while shooting my six-shooter into the air, when a dressed up cowhand jumped over the fence and into the arena and complimented me on my ride.

"He said my old boss thought I had improved since he had last seen me. Looking up in the audience in the direction the cowboy was pointing, everyone leaving now that the performance was over, Butch, with that big bright smile he often displayed, threw up his arm, so as I could locate him. He didn't appear to want to carry the incident further."

(Author's Note: Cowboy Joe Marsters' story could not be told in a few lines. Among his many accomplishments was a stint in the early movie business and many years as a lawman, including working with the U.S. Department of Justice. Joe's amazing story has been verified by official records and by persons still living who witnessed the events of which Joe speaks. For a period of time while riding with Cassidy, Joe lived with the author's grandfather, William C. Boren and the author's father, Edward Boren, only one year older than Joe, verified every statement. Now, official records uphold the truth that Butch Cassidy returned, and personal documentation of Cassidy's sister, Lula Park Betenson, who visited with her brother in 1924. As far as is known, Cowboy Joe is the last survivor of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch.)

CROWHEART BUTTE

Continued from page 25

said. "I am a Crow but my people are fighters. I want to be a Shoshone and have peace." The young woman got her wish; she and Washakie were later married and several sons came of the union.

Just when that Butte first became known as "Crowheart Butte" has long been a matter of conjecture, yet it is safe to say it likely received the name during the Victory dance held that night by the Shoshone warriors alongside the "Big Wind," for, aside from "Independence Rock" on the Sweetwater, Crowheart Butte is Wyoming's most famous landmark. So no doubt that epochal fight was heralded to the four winds by the Shoshones, as tribes far and wide spoke of it, and thus a famous name was birthed.

But to give the reader a bit of insight into the shenanigans worked on the Shoshones by the Department of Indian Affairs we feel a footnote to this saga is in order:

At the time the author mingled with the Shoshones, "Chief" Dick Washakie and several of his tribesmen would come to our camp for a meal as half the population were lean-bellied hungry. The Government had long since abrogated the treaty of 1868 and lately had broken a third treaty by confining the Shoshones to a mere 700,600 acres lying along the Little Wind River. Worse, this had to be shared with the Shoshones arch enemy, the Arapahoes.

This Gov't skulduggery had caused Chief Washakie in his 90th year to say "The Great White father speaks with his tongue but I, Washakie, speak with my heart." He maintained this honesty to his dying day, February 20th, 1900. Now, in 1905, the Gov't under Theodore Roosevelt, wishing to make self-sustaining farmers of the Shoshones (since they were the intelligentsia of Western tribes) again cut the Reservation in half, awarded each Indian something like six hundred dollars and ceased issuing beef and rations on Fridays.

Those who wished to farm were allotted farm machinery such as plows.

But the ultimate in childish fun was reached when the "shaker-tables" and every gear was removed from the monster separator's interior, turning it into a spacious van for transporting families, tepee poles and tepees when they wished to go visiting.

One day the big coal-burning tractor hauled the separator "Van" (with some twenty squaws and youngsters inside) to the camp where four of us cowboys had the job of herding several hundred horses our bosses had bought from the better-fixed Indians. Seeing a young buck high up on the smoking tractor we gathered round to inspect it. "Oh," the author said, "we no think Indian savvy run engine?"

"Ho, ho," the engineer said, laughing. "Me smart sonuvabitch! Me Carlisle graduate!" Here was one Indian with the advantages of a far off school, yet he still had the childish simplicity of the small kids going to the John Roberts' Mission but a mile away.

Mr. Roberts told us of an exasperating problem when the Mission School was first started. Boys and girls were furnished blue uniforms and shoes but when they returned to school the next day they would be bare-footed and wearing a blanket.

Then they were allowed to go "home" on weekends only, but would return on Monday in a blanket or naked. Tiring of this, Mr. Roberts allowed the pupils to go home but once a month. Same result: When a new program made it mandatory that the young pupils remain at the Mission a full year without a home visit a group of angry parents marched on the school with clubs and rocks and Roberts had to flee for his life.

Chief Washakie had all his life fought for an education for his people and after holding heated Council the irate parents saw the value of his inborn philosophy regarding an education and self-support, and peace was restored.

But once this great Red man was no longer around his son Dick, could no longer hold his charges in check. The money received, when the Gov't took half their land away, was soon squandered on every trinket the wily white man had to offer and upwards of two thousand Shoshones and Arapahoes were starving, so temporary rations had to be reinstated.

What the outcome would have been had not Nature taken a hand no one could say. But oil fields, then uranium mines sprung up throughout the Reservation and the Shoshones and Arapahoes were suddenly the richest tribes on earth.

Where nothing but colorful tepees and bands of ponies once could be seen along the "Little Wind" now farm houses and ranches dot the verdant landscape. Levi's and brilliant shirts and vari-colored dresses have replaced wrap-around blankets on the streets of Lander, Riverton and Shoshonie as the Indian squander their wealth by the fistful.

The iron of all this affluence, though, is that it soon brought death to Old Dick Washakie. He had purchased the largest automobile manufactured and delighted in sending it at top speed through streets and sagebrush alike. But there came a day, when he imbibed too much firewater and missed a high bridge by several yards.

But, though Old Dick Washakie has gone to join his illustrious father, the oldest of the old still regale their listerners with the legend of Crowheart Butte.

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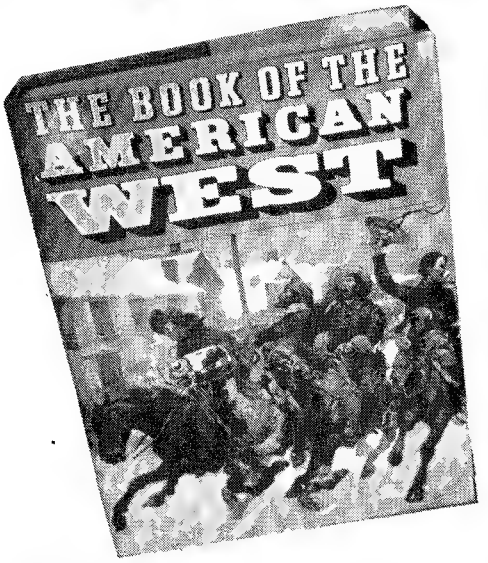

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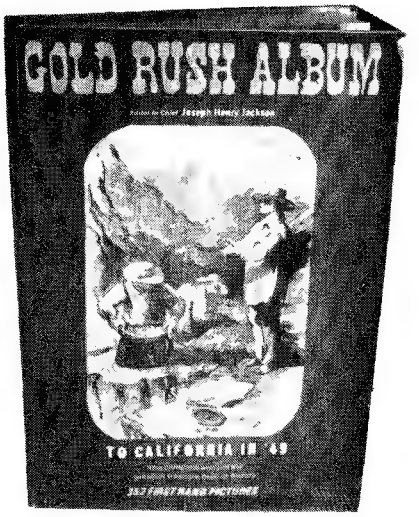

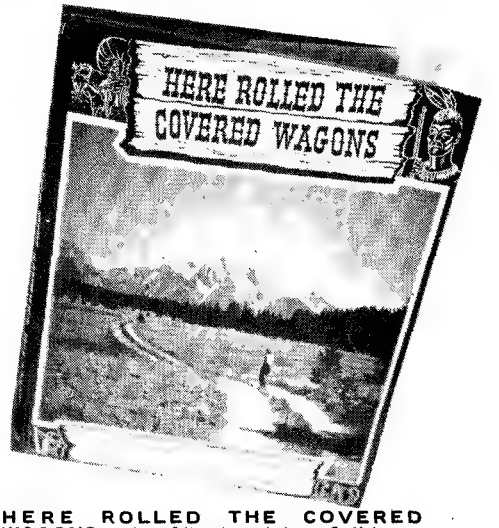

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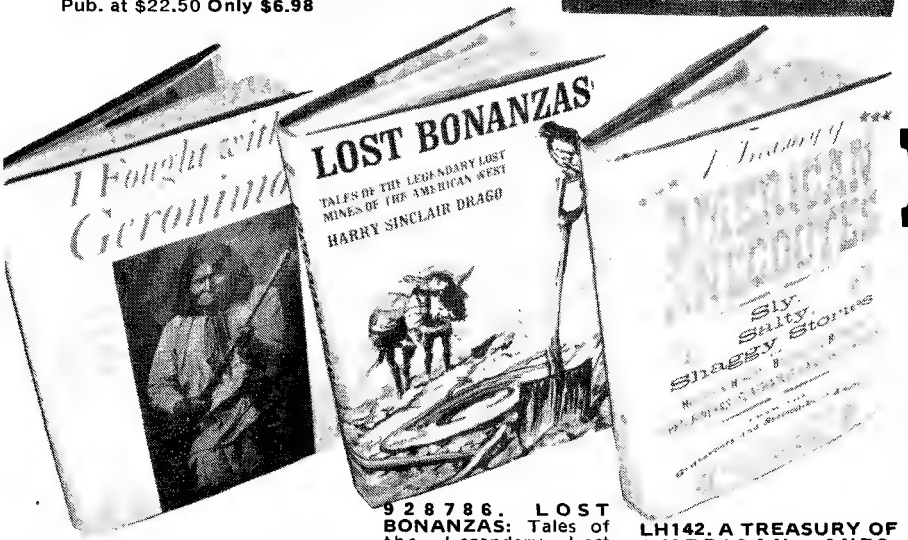

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AZTEC TREASURE

Continued from page 28

mud. Once we cleaned this out then the cracks showed up. Also then we hit the bottom with a crow-bar there was a hollow sound. We were told the Indian and her husband got their gold off the bottom. If this was true the cracks came later or after they had given up the mine upon his death. If there had been any gold in later years it would have fallen into the cracks and no one knows how far down the cracks went.

The walls were smooth as polished gemstones and there was on the left wall going in and the over hang old, very old Indian paintings and the reds, yellows, black and white color was still quite good. Apparently the water didn't get on them enough to damage the design nor color. These paintings caused us to look around for more and we found a number just outside the mine or wash. We found only pictographs. We looked over the entire area but found no petroglyphs.

About 25 yards to the South of the mine in a twisting, deep and rugged barranca about four feet from the bottom was a rock shelf. This and the wall above it was covered with pictographs. We found the usual ones and a few new to us. We took some pictures to record them but it was a poor day for picture taking. A month later when we returned many had been taken or destroyed. The rock they were painted on was in layers and a bit like flagstone so they just broke them loose and took them.

The one most interesting to us and seemed to tell a story backing up some information Ford Dobson had dug up. It was "two white eyes and an Indian." The lead white eyes was apparently in a dead run and a few feet behind him was what appeared to be a sack. We assumed it to be filled with gold. Perhaps five yards behind the sack was another man.

The second man was lying on the ground and he seemed to be holding on to another sack. His hat was lying near by and he was no doubt dead as he had three arrows sticking into his body. One in the neck, one in his chest and one in the back. The third figure was an Indian with a bow and it was drawn with an arrow ready for shooting. The Indian wore long braids and a loin cloth and moccosin only. These of course, were stickmen drawings.

Two different people and some research Ford had done told us that a long time back two men from down La Paz (Old Mexico) area had come into the area and the Indians were friendly to them and let them take gold back home with them. The story also goes that they were the first non-Indians to visit the area. The two men took their gold back home and lived "High on the Hog" until it was gone. Thinking they could return and get more anytime they wished.

Apparently this was not the case as on their return trip, one we're sure (from the pictograph) was killed. Perhaps so was the second. There is no information as to what happened to him. We can assume that he did escape and return to the La Paz area because the pictograph did not show any arrows in him.

Dobson discovered rotted out pegs up the side of the North wall of the "pit." They were rotted with age but the way the holes were drilled for the pegs it was a ladder for climbing up the wall. Also there were pictographs that would lead one to believe there was a room behind the high North wall. There was one set of Pictogrpahs according to Dobson that showed a Portal in the North side that had been sealed. We didn't find it although there was some weak evidence that such a portal had indeed been there at one time.

I don't think our "Pit" was the cave nor had it ever been but I do believe the Aztlan or Montezuma Treasure is in this area. We are convinced that the Treasure is West of the Colorado River for many reasons. Ralph Caine supports this with his assumption that the Cave or Caves of the Crane Aztlan or Aztec people with his location on an Island of Old Lake Cahuilla. The Island being the Superstition Mountains in the Anza-Borrego State Park.

Caine's area is our second choice as we have certain information that locates it farther North. Dobson had a great deal of help in interpreting the petrographs by the late Earl Stanley Gardner. Dobson was with and worked for him at one time. Also One legend says the Island of the Crane People was to the North of a huge lake and across a large river towards the setting sun.

Cooral Pepper in her 1972 (published) "Guidebook to the Colorado Desert of California has pictures (by Harold O. Weight) and tells about the "Giant Intaglio" figures north of Blythe and a little North of our "Pit." These figures were first located from the air by George Palmer as he was flying over the area in 1930.

A huge figure of what seemed to be a horse and if it is it would have to have been constructed following 1540 but if it was a Pleistocene horse it would have had to have been done some 10,000 years ago.

There was a figure made out of rocks of a woman 171 feet long and arms straightened out 158 feet. Her male companion was only 95 feet tall. Here again was a coiled snake. Is there a tie-in with the Crane People?

I feel that one important area that has been overlooked by all is Rice Valley. Rice Valley lies West of West Riverside Mts. and the Riverside Mountains, North of the Big Baria Mountain and Northeast of the Little Maria Mountain. The huge sandy valley (Rice) should be checked out between Rice and Grommet on the North, the Riverside Mountains on the East, Big Marias on the South and the Granite and Little Marias on the West.

There are Sand Dunes and what is under the Dunes might surprise you. Remember we're talking about a time period of from hundreds to perhaps thousands of years. We know that the desert sands drift and even a small bush, rock or object can start a sand hill (dune) and in time it can become a large sand hill. Of course it may be blown away the same as it builds up.

If we are to believe the legend about the Cave or Caves (7) are under a large granite shelf-like rock it is quite possible that during the years the sand could build up and completely cover all evidence of the granite rock and the opening to the cave.

I've told you what we know and have found. The most important find was the pictographs, a $10.00 nugget found by George Tortes in the "Pit." Interesting research and legends, fresh air, peaceful campouts and of course, good companionship Someday someone is going to find the answer to the "Lost Aztlan Cave." It could be you.

Remember this is winter time exploration country as the summers are very hot, little water and lonely and very poor roads. Watch out for flash floods, blowing sand, rattlesnakes. Carry the usual water, spare tires, fanbelt, water and fuel pump, long handle shove, clothes for hot or cold weather as it can change within the hour. Let someone know where you intend to search and when you'll be back and if lost or have a breakdown stay with your vehicle so you can be found. Good hunting.

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LEGEND IN BLUE *from page 29*

When Benavides returned to Spain, he visited a Francisco convent to see Mother Maria de Jesus de la Conception, who had been having dreams and visions of visiting the Indians in the new world. The bishop authorized Benavides to order Maria, under her vow of obedience, to reveal all that she knew about New Mexico.

Since childhood, Maria said, she had felt great pity for the heathen, who were to be damned simply because they had never been taught about God. It was because of this special feeling for the heathen, that God chose her to visit them and urge them to seek Christiantiy. Maria claimed that she had been both guarded and transported by angels.

Benavides was amazed as Maria described details of the new country, for she knew things that could only have been known to someone who had traveled over the land. Maria also accurately described the appearance and features of others who had worked with Benavides in New Mexico.

Maria claimed that on one of her visits she carried with her a chalice from the convent in Spain, and she gave it to the priests to use in the new world. She added that she also had distributed many crosses and rosaries among the Indians. Benavides agreed that the chalice was being used, by priests in the new world, for mass and processions. The crosses and rosaries, he said, were still in evidence among the Indians there.

Maria wrote an account of her mysterious travels among the Indians, entitled "La Mistica Ciudad de Dios" and Benavides wrote about the strange travels of Maria in his "Memoirs of Fray Alonso de Benavides."

However, despite her knowledge of the happenings and the landscape of the new world, records bear out the fact that she never left the convent and was never absent from her duties. And in the new world, there was no reports about a lone woman traveling among the Indians — except, of course, for those reports from the Indians themselves, who claimed to have seen her. All this, of course, merely strengthened the arguments of those who claimed that all Maria knew about the new world, and its Indians, was what bits of information that she had garnered from the men who had explored there.

However, there is one thing that the scoffers have not been able to explain away — some of the tribes and places that Maria described accurately were not seen by any white man until at least a quarter of a century after her death.

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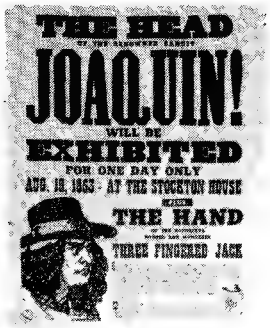

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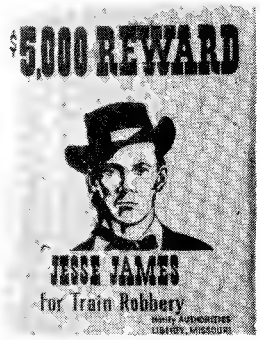

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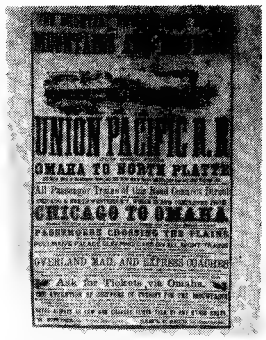

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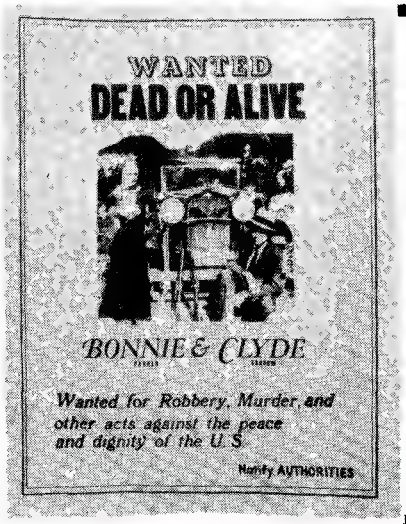

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BEAR HUNTER

Continued from page 31

Dressed in buckskin, belted and bristling with hunter's arms, Seth and his mule Dave arrived at Independence in April. Hy met an old friend of the family; they purchased pack mules and equipment and left May 10 on the trail to California, arriving in Hangtown, now Placerville, in August. Seth soon fled from Hangtown where he had watched the miners dig their graves as they exhaustingly dug for the elusive gold. "Not being much of a hand at digging in the ground," he wanted no part of this drudgery; he decided to hunt for game. By the following spring, he was in the Trinity River country north of Sacramento hunting game for the Pierson B. Reading expedition that was surveying the Trinity River. Reading supposed that the river, which he named, emptied into Trinidad Bay, as marked by the old Spanish charts. Seth went with Reading to Weaverville. While traversing the mountains of Trinity country, he met Indians who described the Humboldt Bay Region. The descriptions, depicting the country "full of elk, grizzlies, a fine grass country and full of salmon," pleased Seth. He believed that this natural paradise would be an ideal one for his family which he had left in Illinois.

Anxious to move them to Humboldt Country, Seth returned overland to Illinois, in the fall of 1850. Upon his arrival, he discovered that malaria had taken its toll in Pekin, that his family had contracted the dreaded disease, and that they would be in no condition to travel to California for some time. Seth forced himself to farm for two years, during which time he lost two children to the fever. He was dissatisfied with farm work, and he wanted to begin a new life in California. In the spring of 1852, Seth left his family a second time and went overland to California to locate a homestead in Humboldt country.

Seth took passage on a San Francisco steamer bound for Humboldt Bay. At Eureka, he met James T. Ryan who was impressed with Seth's remarkable shooting. "Mr. Ryan suggested that as he employed a good many men, and fresh meat was scarce, he would take all the fresh meat Seth could bring him." Kinman also took a government contract to furnish elk meat for the troops at Fort Humboldt. Kinman built a cabin where present day Ferndale stands; later, he built another cabin on Bear River Ridge "for the reception of his family." He left a friend, George Hill, to clear land and plant crops while he returned to Illinois for his family. He left Eureka in September 1853. However, he was shocked to learn that his wife had died of the fever while he was in Humboldt country. According to one of Seth's friends:

Her death deprived him of the mainstay of the family, the mother. Her authority and care devolved on his aged mother, and Seth says: "never did mortal woman fulfill her trust better than she whilst she lived." The settled life in the Illinois home did not suit his taste, and he disposed of his property. So in May 1854, he started once more across the plains with his mother and three children. They joined a wagon train and brought with them 60 head of cattle. He had the cattle placed on a ship and taken to Table Bluff, and after much difficulty, 10 out of the 60 cattle reached the cabin on Bear River Ridge, near what is still known as Kinman Pond.

Kinman had trouble with the Indians who burned his cabin three times. Seth, fearing that the Indians would kill all of his precious cattle, moved his family to Table Bluff in 1857. Since he was close to Fort Humboldt, he made new contracts to furnish meat to the soldiers.

The soldiers at Fort Humboldt greeted Seth when he delivered meat to the cookhouse, not so much for the meat, but for the pleasure Seth gave them with his yarns. Seth's close friend, George McClellan, described Seth's appearance that awed the soldiers:

Seth was a big man and physically strong, well over six feet in height and weighed 200 lbs. He had piercing blue eyes, heavy sandy whiskers and dressed as a typical frontiersman. He had the usual pioneer's contempt for the city dweller. In his mature years, he wore a full beard, which he kept tucked in his buckskin jacket. He wore a hunter's shirt, buckskin pants and coat with heavy boots, the tops of which he wore outside his pantaloons. On the sides of his pantaloons were strips of buckskin and on the sleeves and collar of his coat were rows of the same material. The skirts of his coat were bordered with it, and there were also strips of it on the seams and back of his coat, which with his long hair and beard gave him a very shaggy appearance. Over the whole costume, he wore a red flannel blanket in cold or rainy weather. He possessed a deep, melodious voice and even as an old man, was a great storyteller.

Seth played a fiddle which he had constructed in part from the forehead of his favorite mule Dave, "whose spirit he hoped to meet in the beyond." Dressed in his full regalia of buckskin, Seth would jig his feet and also spellbind the soldiers with the exploits of his adventures with Indians and grizzlies. But, according to one eyewitness, Seth always needed a few glasses of liquor before he could shine in his particular sphere. Seth remarked about the Humboldt County Indians:

You can't trust an Inuun, I know em. If they git the upperhand of you, they will cinch you sure. The only way to get along with them is to make them afeared of you. I told them Eel River Indians I was a conjurer, and couldn't be killed by a bullet or arrer, and to prove it I took my buckskin shirt off and set it up twenty steps off, and told them the man who could put a arrer through it might have it. They were more than a hour shooting at that shirt, and they couldn't faze it, because the shirt is well-tanned and tough, and I just stood it up on the edges, so that when a arrer struck it, it would naturally give away.

On another occasion he told a story of how he had wounded a large grizzly that he and his Indian companion had trailed. The bear turned on them and it was a "nip and tuck race." Seth was a good runner, but the Indian was better. Seth realized that the bear was gaining on them, so he knocked the Indian down, and before he could get up and run, the grizzly had the Indian. Seth remarked that "the bare chawed him up awhile, and then left him, and the Injun finally got well. If it had of been me I would of died. Injuns can stand a great deal of hurtin and not die."

Seth enjoyed hunting grizzly bears; at least his storytelling indicates the fact. According to this hunter, "you shoot a grizzly in his tender place — about the ear, then he goes round and round like a top until he drops. But if you only wound him, you spile his mind." Seth's dogs jumped a large bear in the brush near the Eel River — "a whooper he war." The hunter fired at the grizzly as it rushed by him, hitting the creature in the back and knocking it down the river bank into the grapevines and thick brush. The following morning Seth put his dogs on the bear's trail which was easy to follow because the bear was dragging his hind legs which indicated that its back was broken. Soon the dogs began baying, and when Seth arrived on the scene, he found the bear sitting on his rump in a water hole. The storyteller said that the bear:

. . . was snappin his teeth at my dogs as they swum around him, barkin' like fury. I thought I would have a little fun by aggravatin him awhile. I took some big rocks and went up close to him and hit him

Continued on page 64

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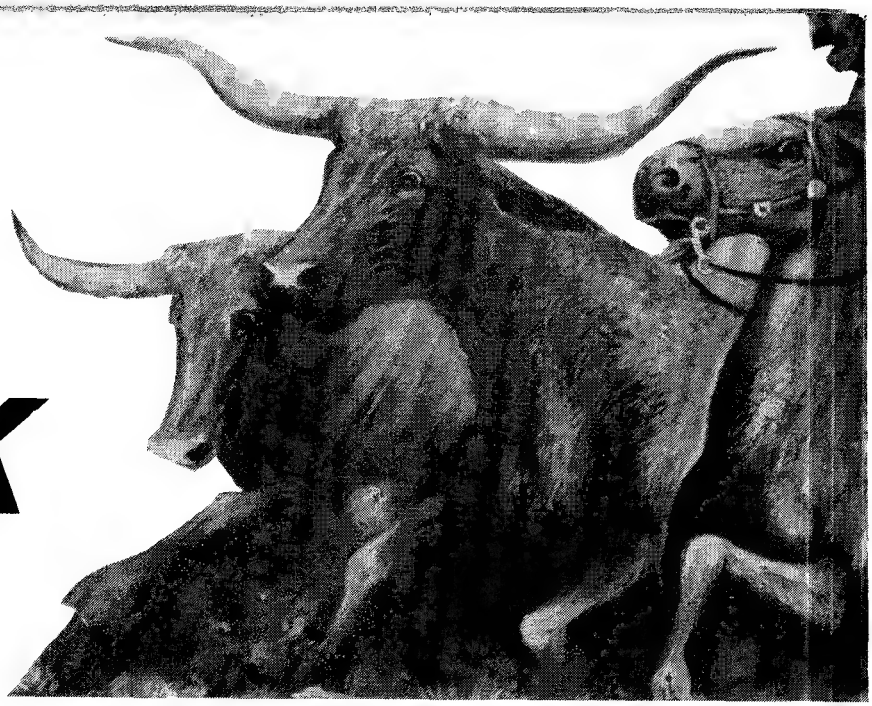

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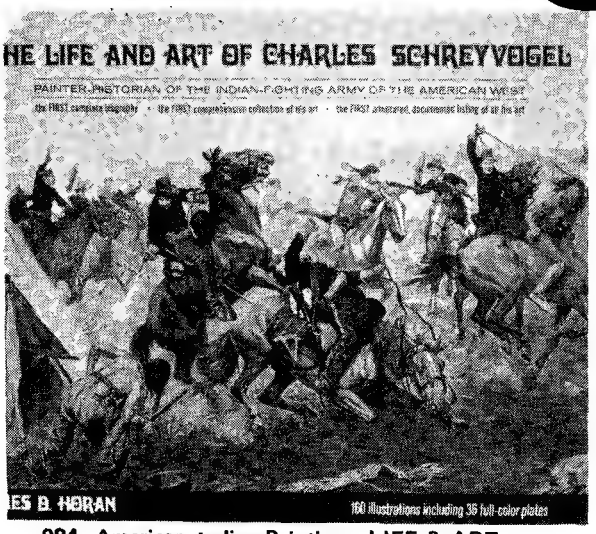

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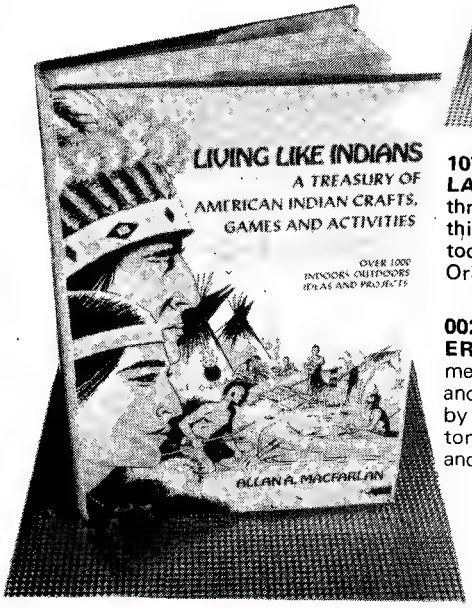

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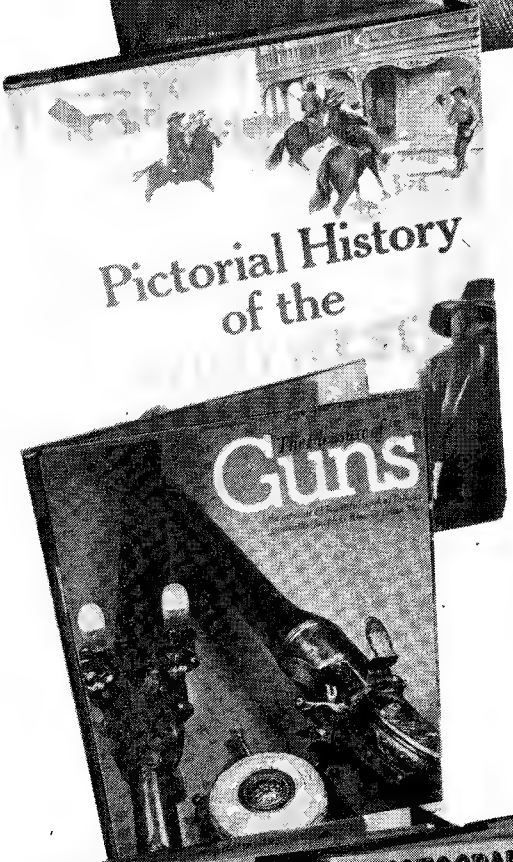

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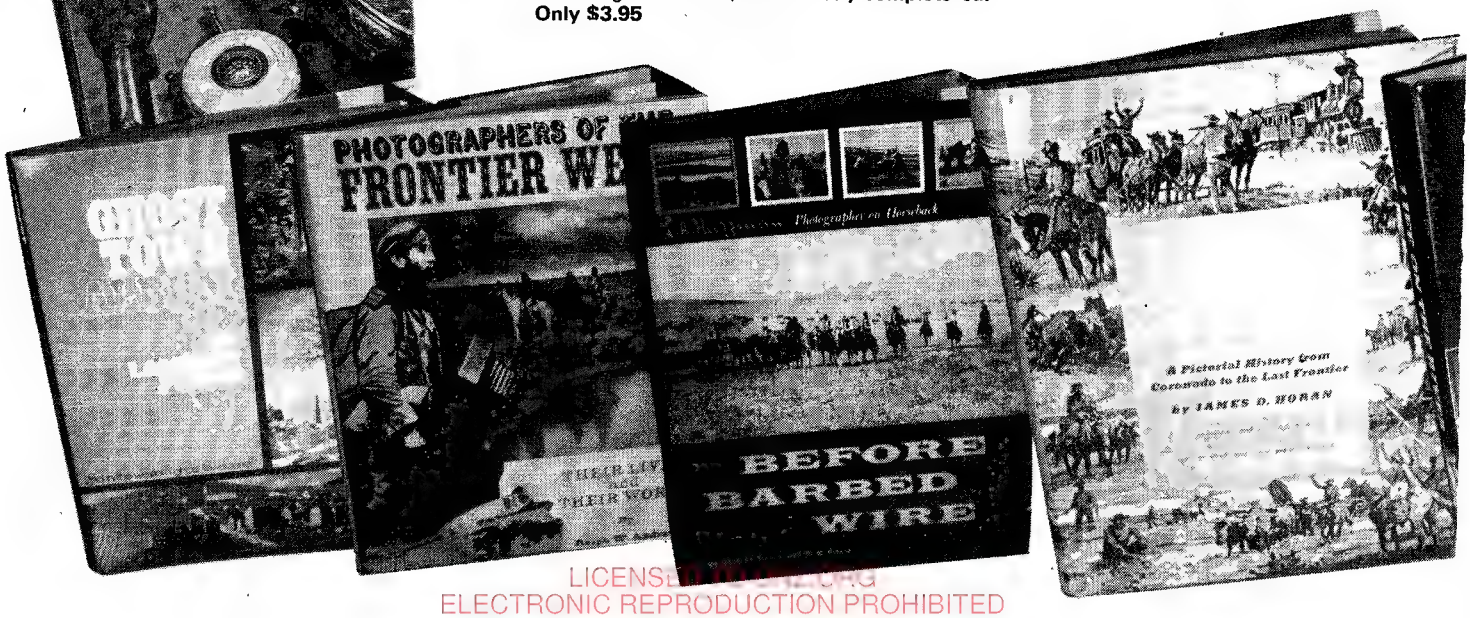

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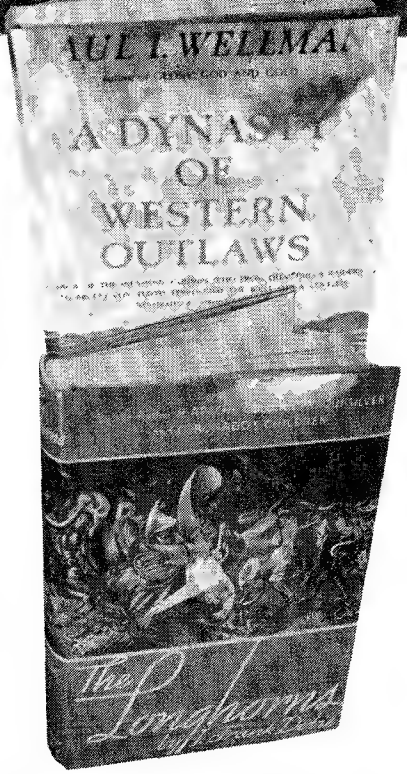

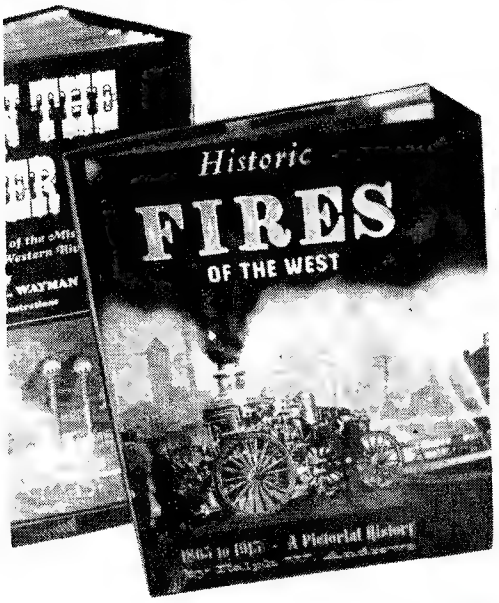

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BEAR HUNTER

Continued from page 60

between the eyes. You out to have heered him yowl. His eyes actually turned green he was so mad, and his jaws champed like a sawmill, but he couldn't budge. Evertime he tried to get on his feet he fell back, the maddiest bar I ever seen.

Seth stated that four men pulled the grizzly out of the water, the animal weighed 1,300 pounds. Kinman also claimed to have killed more than 800 grizzly bears in his lifetime and slaughtered fifty elk in one month in Humboldt country. The soldiers at Fort Humboldt consumed 240 elk in eleven months.

The hunter's impressionable career eventually climaxed in Washington, D.C., where he attracted great attention and drew crowds of people, while the press had a field day. In 1857, 1864, 1865 and 1876, Seth Kinman presented an elk-horn chair of different character and shape to Presidents Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson and Hayes. Seth greatly admired James Buchanan and wished to flatter this "guardian of liberty" with a throne of elk horns. With the chair on his back, the strongly built and brizzly-bearded hunter made his way to Washington by way of San Francisco. He was dressed in one of his buckskin suits made by himself:

It was trimmed with fringe from an old red army sash. Around his waist dangled a huge pouch of bearskin, decorated with bears' claws. His cap was made of black bearskin, a band of brown bearskin, and grizzly bear's tail looped across the top for an ornament.

While in San Francisco, he was persuaded to show his chair at a fair. Various people were so overcome by the colorful hunter's plan to present his novel gift to the President himself that they contributed money to pay Seth's passage to the nation's Capitol.

James Buchanan, courteous and business-like, accepted Seth's chair, and, in exchange, Buchanan purchased the best rifle he could find in New York for Seth, together with two fine pistols. Since Seth was well-acquainted with the Humboldt Bay country, Buchanan appointed Seth as agent at a salary of $1,800.00 to help return the California Indians to their reservations.

Perhaps more amusing and more dramatic is John Huntington's account of Abraham Lincoln received hischair from Seth. Huntington, Seth's cousin, recalled that when Kinman first met Lincoln, the hunter immediately related the sorrowful account of how his mule Dave died on the plains; then he described how he had made a fiddle from the mule's skull, all the time displaying it to Lincoln, who was comfortably seated in his elk-horn chair. Lincoln remarked; "Mr. Kinman, you got my measure pretty well; it just fits me." The President asked Seth to play his mule-head fiddle. What followed has been described like this:

Mr. Lincoln, I will play you two tunes, one is the "Essence of Old Virginia," and the other is "Root Hog or Die." Well, when Kinman drew the bow across those strings, the music hit Lincoln hard; it took Old Abe down so, that he laughed until his stovepipe hat fell off on the floor. When the music ceased, Mr. Lincoln said: "Now Mr. Kinman, I will take the chair and you take the violin; for I can sit in the chair but I can't play that violin."

The chair Seth Kinman constructed for Andrew Johnson is worth describing:

The four legs and claws were those of a huge grizzly and the back and sides ornamented with immense claws. The seat was soft and exceedingly comfortable, but the great feature of the chair was that, by touching a cord, the head of a monster grizzly bear with jaws extended, would dart out in front from under the seat, snapping and gnashing its teeth as natural as life.

As Seth prepared to present this chair to President Johnson, some government official offered to make a presentation speech for Seth; the hunter said: "No, sir, you can't. I ain't much posted on grammer nor Webster, but damned if I can't make the President understand me." Johnson was very amused, but requested Seth to explain why he had attached the grizzly head to the chair. Seth told him it was to keep the office seekers from getting too close.

In a minor way, Seth was a national figure; but in 1888 he died in obscurity from complications resulting from a gunshot. Seth accidentally shot his leg bone below the knee; both break and wound did not heal, and on January 24, 1888 the doctors amputated his leg. But his condition became worse, and he died Monday, February 24, 1888, and was buried in one of his buckskin suits in the Table Bluff Cemetery.

GOLD COINS

from page 45

messenger.

As the bandits walked down the track, they fired some shots in the air to intimidate any passengers who might get some funny ideas about investigating the delay. Then, the two quickly uncoupled the engine and tender and departed in the direction of Lodi.

In the meantime, a westbound freight train arrived in Lodi, six miles east of Castle, with orders to stop and wait there until No. 5 passed. As it pulled into a siding, it observed the headlight of No. 5 engine's moving very slowly toward Lodi.

As the train approached, conductor Jim Andrews on the freight saw that it was running light and that there was no one in the cab. As the engine passed, he quickly climbed aboard and brought it to a stop. Noticing the water in the boiler was very low and the engine in danger of blowing up, Andrews opened the injector valve, allowing water to enter the boiler. He then sent the engine from his freight to bring No. 5 to Lodi. While this was taking place, he sent a wire to the Superintendent at the Oakland Pier indicating that there had been a holdup.

As the conductor climbed back into No. 5's cab to keep the engine hot and prevent further delay to the train, he found a stick of dynamite on the engineer's seat which he hand' noticed noticed.

Sheriff Cunningham of San Joaquin County, Detective Ahern of the Southern Pacific Company, and Detective Snyder of Wells Fargo and company arrived at the scene on a special train the next morning. That afternoon, Chief Detective Gard of the Southern Pacific Company, with Detective Hume of Wells Fargo joined in the search. They discovered that the robbers had a horse and buggy near the scene of the holdup and trailed the vehicle to a county road where all trace was lost. But once again, the descriptions of the bandits tallied exactly with those who had robbed the trains at Mikon and Swanston and the method of operation was exactly the same. Since the two daring bandits had not obtained any loot in their last two attempts, it was expected they would strike again — and soon.

As the northbound train No. 16, the Oregon Express, was enroute to Portland through the fertile Sacramento Valley at 2:00 AM on March 30, two men were spotted boarding the blind baggage when the train stopped for a few moments at Wheatland. When the train resumed its journey and was about 10 miles south

Continued on page 66

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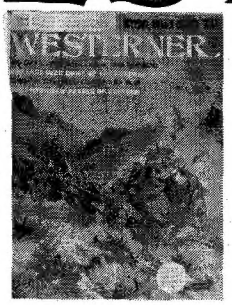

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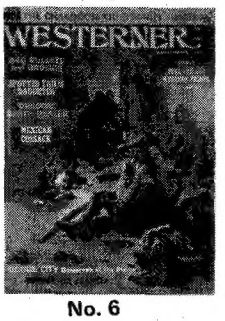

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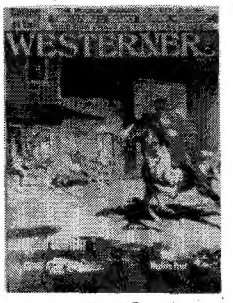

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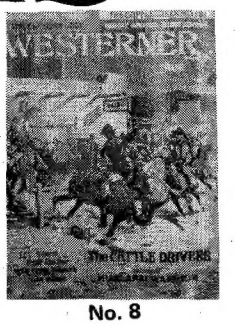

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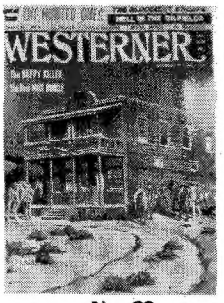

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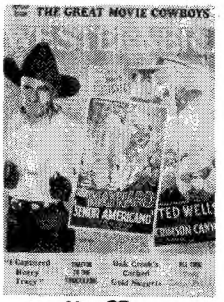

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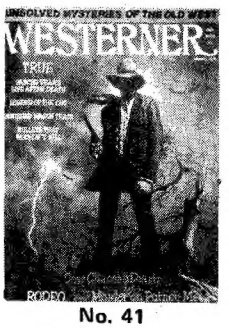

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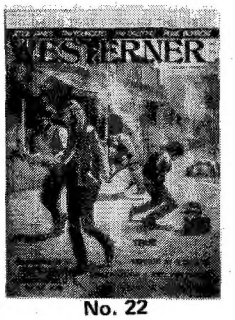

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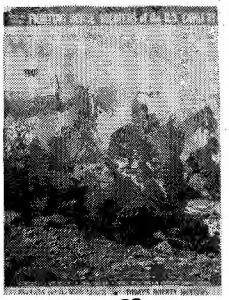
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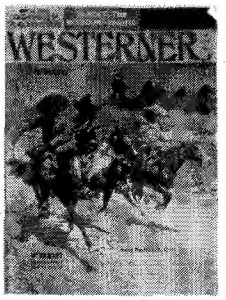

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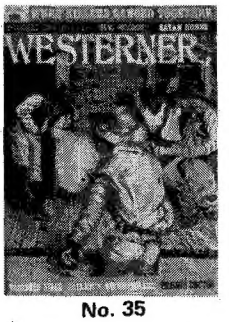

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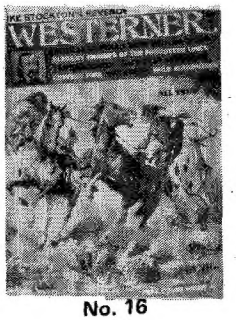

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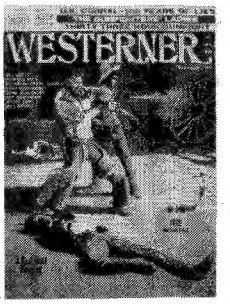

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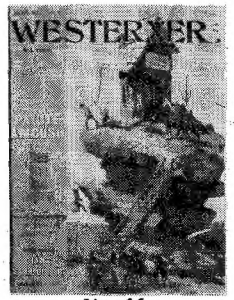

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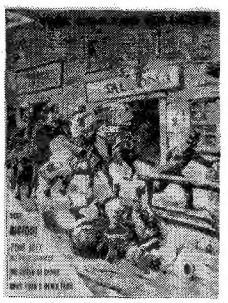
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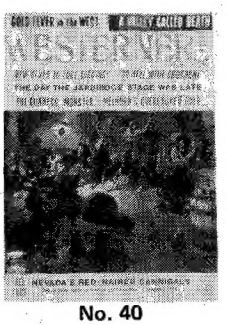

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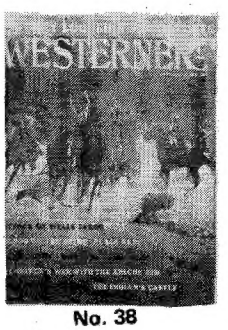

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GOLD COINS *Continued from page 64*

of Marysville, the two men put their hoods on and crawled over the tender down into the cab. With the usual procedure of covering the engineer and fireman with revolvers, the train was brought to a halt at an area known as Reed's Crossing. The engine crew was forced to climb down and walk with the robbers back to the express car where Engineer Henry Bowser was ordered to tell the express messenger to open the door. Knowing that all the money and valuables were in a large safe, messenger Kelton opened the car door without hesitation. When the bandits entered and found nothing could be obtained without blowing the safe, they decided to enter the coaches and rob the passengers.

Ordering the engineer, fireman and express messenger to precede them, they boarded the first day coach. The tallest outlaw quickly fashioned a bag from an old overalls leg and forced Fireman Nethercott to accompany him into the car holding the bag. Threatening the surprised passengers with their Winchesters and having Nethercott pass the bag, the bandits secured close to $1,000 in gold, silver and paper currency and 15 gold watches. Rewarded with such a large take, the bandits decided to rob the passengers in the Pullman cars.

But Sheriff John J. Board of Tehama County was a passenger in the first Pullman car. On previous occasions he had told Brakeman Simmons that if an attempt was made to rob the train on which he was a passenger, he was to be notified so that he could capture the outlaws. Bograd had a reputation as a fearless officer. Now, with this in mind, Brakeman Simmons whispered to a porter to alert the sheriff. Bogard arose, partially dressed himself, and hid behind one of the seats, preparing to kill the bandits when they entered the car. Accompanied by Fireman Nethercott, the tallest robber casually walked through the car's foreward door and Sheriff Bogard immediately opened fire. His first shot hit the surprised robber over his heart, mortally wounding him. Believing that the fireman was the second bandit, he fired and wounded Nethercott in the neck and leg.

In the meantime, the shorter bandit had boarded the rear platform of the Pullman car behind the sheriff. Suddenly hearing the gun blasts, he rushed into the coach and shot the sheriff in the back, killing him instantly. Then, without paying attention to his companion's pleas for assistance or grabbing the bag of monies and gold watches, he jumped from the car and escaped into the darkness. Within a few minutes, the wounded bandit died.

While Fireman Nethercott was quickly taken to the hospital at Marysville where his wounds were treated, railroad detectives from Sacramento rushed to the holdup scene. They discovered that the bandit who escaped had made his way to Marysville on a bicycle, one of two which had been hidden under a wagon bridge a half mile from the scene of the robbery.

The dead bandit was identified as John McGuire or Oscar Brown. Although he had a previous police record, he had been working as a farm hand in the upper Sacramento Valley for a short time. The description of the man who escaped was that of Henry Axtel, a man with an extensive police record. The revolver found on the dead robber was identified as the gun stolen from the express messenger on Train No. 5.

Though a complete search was made for Axtel, he could not be found. It wasn't until July 26, 1895, that he was arrested posing as a hobo under a Sacramento bridge. He was quickly returned to Marysville and charged with murder in the first degree.

Preliminary hearing was held before Justice of the Peace Aldrick on September 2, 1895, at which time Axtel entered a plea of not guilty. The hearing was concluded within two days and Axtel was ordered held for trial in the Superior Court of Yuba County with a trial set for November 4th.

The trial was held before Superior Judge E.A. Davis with the case bitterly contested. Defense attorneys W.H. Carlin and E.A. Forbes characterized the evidence as a "chain of rope and sand." In their closing arguments to the jury, they used considerable sarcasm in describing the activities of the offiers and the prosecution witnesses. The case was presented to the jury on the afternoon of November 18th.

On the following afternoon after deliberating over twenty-five hours, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree and that Axtel should be committed to the state prison for life. It turned out that one juror was all that keep him from receiving the death sentence.

On the day of his sentence, Axtel requested he be sent to San Quentin since it was "healthier than Folsom." But the judge refused to grant this request, stating that in his case it was safer to incarcerate him at Folsom.

That very night Axtel made a desperate attempt to escape. He quietly constructed a rope ladder and then proceeded to saw the bars of his cell. A half inch of bar was all that remained by daylight. However, that morning, he was delivered to the State Prison at Folsom.

A footnote should be added to this chapter of two of California's most desperate criminals.

After the Mikon holdup, McGuire and Axtel stopped their locomotive at a point near the town of Washington which is surrounded by lowland and marshy country on the west bank of the Sacramento River. They dropped the sacks of coin to the side of the track and then carried them a short distance into the marsh. With the aid of their lanterns, they dug a shallow hole and buried their sacks.

However, a wandering hobo, known as "Karl the Tramp" (John P. Harmans) had picked out a spot in the brush nearby as his bedding place for the night. Hearing the noise of digging and muffled conversation, he watched the robbers and remained quiet until they left. After waiting a few minutes, Harmans dug up the sacks and realizing what he had found, he moved them further into the brush where he again buried them. Before doing so, he placed about $10,000.00 in his blanket roll and immediately headed for Sacramento.

"Karl the Tramp" now changed his entire mode of life. After a brief splurge in Sacramento, he moved to San Francisco and rented an apartment on Nob Hill. Dressing well and spending a great deal of money on liquor and women, Harmans quickly drew the attention of San Francisco police and it wasn't long before he was brought in for interrogation. Police officers believed the money had been obtained from some crime, but certainly did not connect him with the Mikon robbery since he did not fit the description.

But on the day of his scheduled arrest, Harmans left San Francisco for Sacramento, his $10,000 spent. When he returned for the remainder of the loot, he couldn't remember where he left it. To this day, the money is still buried somewhere in the vicinity. So resuming his former life as a tramp, he was not heard from again until early in April 1896, when he was arrested. Upon being questioned, he disclosed the source of his sudden wealth. The Grand Jury of Sacramento County indicted Harmons on the charge of grand larceny because he took the money and converted it to his own use when he could easily have located its true owner.

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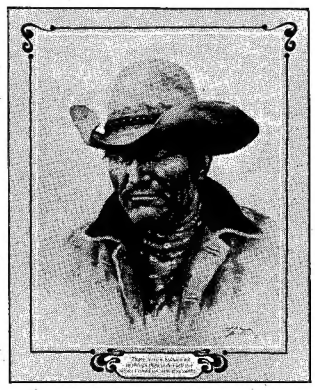
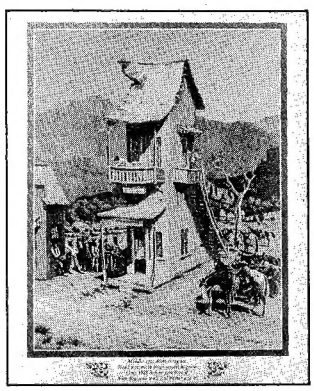
SKP510 - artist Bill Hampton
May your moccasins leave tracks
On many mounds of worth,
And walk with braves of every tribe
Who live in peace on earth.

SKP501 - artist Bill Hampton
May neither drouth nor rain nor blizzard
Disturb the joy-juice in your gizzard.
And may you camp where wind won't hit you,
Where snakes won't bite and bears won't git you!



SKP504 - artist Bill Hampton
"There were a helluva lot
of things they didn't tell me
when I hired on with this outfit."

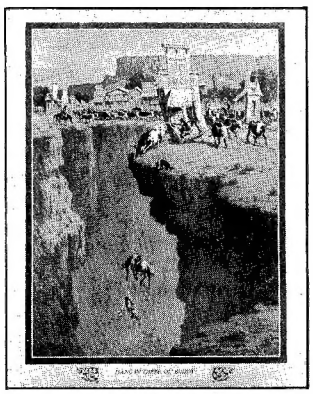


SKP516 - artist Lloyd Mitchell
Middle age, from forty on,
Need not mean your youth is gone;
Only that before you lose it,
You doggone well had better use it!

SKP505 - artist Bill Hampton
Stay happy my friend, hang easy and loose,
Gettin' rattlesnake riled is just no use.
So here is a slogan that's sure hard to match,
'here ain't no use itchin' unless you can scratch!

SKP502 - artist Bill Hampton
May your horse never stumble, your spurs never rust,
Your guts never grumble and your cinch never bust!
May your boots never pinch, your crops never fail,
While you eat lots of beans and stay out of jail!

SKP503 - artist Bill Hampton
HANG TOUGH, PARDNER!



SKP515 - artist Lloyd Mitchell
HANG IN THERE, OL' BUDDY!

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SKP509 - artist Bill Hampton
Nothing is so strong as gentleness,
Nothing so gentle as real strength.

SKP508 - artist Bill Hampton
"To have joy one must share it,
Happiness was born a twin."

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